JUKE
· AUSTRALIA'S · MUSIC · WEEKLY ·
Registered by Australia Post publication No VBP0349
MAY 21, 1988 No.682 $1.90

ROBIN WILLIAMS
OH VIET A LOVELY WAR!

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BAM BALAMS
ZIGGY MARLEY

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JOHNNY TEEN &
THE BROKEN HEARTS
WET WET WET

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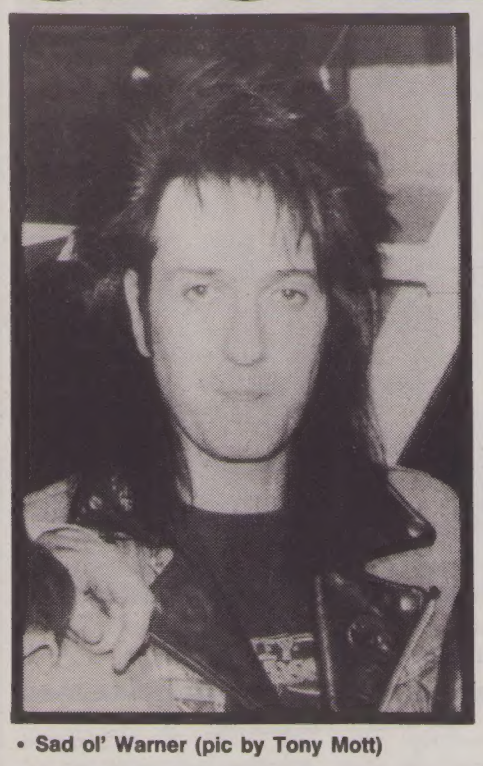
SACKED CULT DRUMMER SPEAKS OUT:



• Sad ol' Warner (pic by Tony Mott)

"I feel used and betrayed"

Drummer Les Warner, who was recently sacked after two and a half years with Britain's Cult, says he intends taking legal action, claiming he deserves financial compensation for the ousting.

He's also struck-out at the other members of the band, saying that they "used and betrayed" him.

"I first joined the band for a trial period in late '85, but I only joined on the promise that I would be signed as a full member," Warner said recently. "At that time I was only earning about $300 (A) a week".

After joining, Warner played a world tour with the band to promote the *Love* LP before entering the studio in December '86 to record tracks for *Electric* — which actually had to be done *twice* after founding Cult members Bill Duffy and Ian Astbury decided that they didn't like the first master.

"I was used in all the band's merchandise and in their videos. During the last tour I was even writing songs with Ian and everyone seemed pleased with what we came up with. When we finished the last world tour I asked Billy when I would be signed as a full member of the band and then, only a few weeks later, while they were living it up in Los Angeles on their Harley Davidsons, I was told I was out".

Warner, bitter about the sacking, is now seeking financial compensation, claiming that the most he was ever paid by The Cult was $500 (A) a week. Upon his forced departure, Warner was offered $4,000 (A) and a drum kit, for his trouble.

"That hardly makes up for the way I've been treated", he says.

Billy Duffy and Ian Astbury were in LA and unavailable for comment at presstime, but the official word from the Cult camp is that the split was necessitated by the band's plans to relocate their base to Los Angeles.

Warner maintains that this is "just a bullshit excuse".

Further problems within the remaining Cult core include stories of a rift between the band and their management along with claims made by Les Warner regarding some major backstabbing within the band.

"I feel really used and betrayed by The Cult. Sooner or later they'll probably shit on (guitarist) Jamie Stewart too . . . I feel sorry for him, 'cos he's such a nice guy. But, it's funny y'know. On the way to one of the last video shoots, Billy told me that he'd like to get Ian out of the band! So who knows, maybe Duffy has plans to become a solo artist."

Warner has already been made a number of offers from other international rock acts and he's currently working on a single with Jason Bonham.

BARNES & SCHON TEAM . . . YES . . . MAYBE

Neal Schon, the former lead guitarist of Santana and Journey, left Australia this week after cutting a video with Jimmy Barnes and playing with him on-stage in Queensland.

Schon, one of the most respected lead guitarists in the world, joined with Barnes in Hong Kong where the latter was reshooting a video for "Too Much Ain't Enough Love", specifically designed for the US market.

Schon played on "Too Much Ain't Enough Love" plus other tracks on Barnes' third solo album, *Freight Train Heart*. When Barnes was getting his band together for the accompanying tour, it was expected that Schon would join him. That never eventuated as, so the rumour goes, Journey lead singer Steve Perry demanded he stay in the US to work on the next Journey album, as yet unreleased.

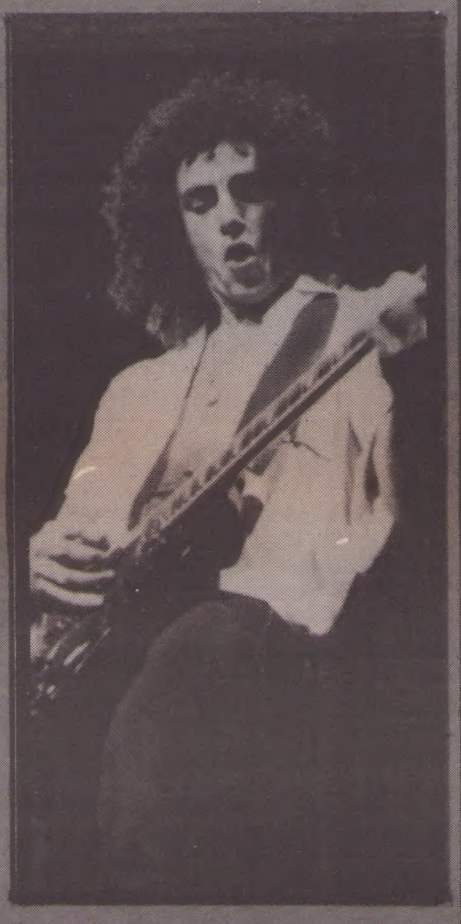
Now that Journey has disolved, however, it has given Schon the chance to 'go freelance' and come downunder.

It has been widely tipped that Schon will in fact join Barnes' band when he tours in the US, but this has been denied by Barnes' manager, Michael Gudinski.

"There are no discussions at this stage that he will become a permanent member of the band," Gudinski told *Juke* last week. "There are no plans to tour the US at the moment but, if Jimmy does, anything's a possibility isn't it?"

If initial reaction is anything to go by, that possibility could become a reality quite soon. In its first week of US release, Barnes' single "Too Much Ain't Enough Love" was added to 96 Adult Oriented Rock (AOR) radio stations. it was the second most added track of the week, just falling behind the new single from Van Halen.

Barnes is this week is Western Australia finishing his 'On The Road To Karratha' national tour. When completed, Barnes and the band will fly to England to perform two showcase gigs at the Brixton Academy Theatre.



No plans have been confirmed after that, Gudinski said, although it has been known for sometime that guitarist Mark Lizotte will leave immediately after the two shows to concentrate on his own burgeoning career with Johnny Diesel & The Injectors.

Meanwhile, Barnes' management has been streamlined from a duo to a solo. For the last several months, Barnes has been co-managed by Mark Pope and Gudinski. Pope, however, left the management concern last week. Michael Gudinski will continue alone.

— SCOTT HOWLETT

YOKO BACK IN COURT

Yoko Ono seems to spend as much time in court these days as she does in the Dakota apartment building in New York where she lives alone since the murder of John Lennon eight years ago.

She's been in the New York State Supreme Court these past few days, fighting a suit filed against her by backup musician Adam Ippolito of Elephants Memory.

Ippolito is suing Ono for $107 million, claiming his name and photo were used illegally when cassette tapes, videos and albums of a 1972 benefit concert at madison Square Gardens were sold commercially in 1985.

Ippolito also objects to the film of the concert being made available to Showtime, the movie channel in the U.S. in March, 1986.

The concert, starring the late John Lennon, raised more than $1.5 million for the Willowbrook Home for Retarded Children.

State Court's Judge Baer dismissed Ippolito's claim that the film and soundtrack of the concert had been misappropriated. he also dismissed the claim of unfair competition against Yoko Ono.

Ippolito says he played for union rates on the understanding that the performance and telecast would not be exploited commercially. However, he claims he cannot remember whether he signed a release waiving property interests.

The court is still to hear Ippolito's claim of fraud in the original representation that the concert and its telecast some months later, were for charitable purposes only.

Judge Baer says Ippolito's claim of misrepresentation because he, not Ono, played piano for most of the concert was not correct, as Ippolito was shown to be a performer on the album sleeve.

Once Ono finalises this court case, she has four other members of Elephants Memory waiting in the wings with similar suits against her.

The court has ruled that those suits be held in obeyance, pending Yoko Ono's motion to have Ippolitio's suit dismissed.

DULCIE JEAN

Pulse

AC/DC's MALCOLM OUT "FOR EXHAUSTION"

AC/DC guitarist Malcolm Young is not playing with the band on its current American tour, due to the "pressure of touring".

When the tour kicked off in early May, fans were surprised to see his spot taken by Malcolm and Angus' nephew, Stevie Young, who has taken time off from his own band Starfighters to do the tour.

An official explanation, from the band's management said "Malcolm has always stresssed that he plays with the band for the fun and enjoyment he gets out of it, and with the band having only just completed a hectic schedule of Australian and European shows, he felt that it was time to take a rest."

Obviously with *Blow Up Your Video* doing so well in the States — it's No 26 this week there — there was no way the band could blow out the tour.

At this stage, Young's departure is only temporary.

NOISEWORKS FOR MONTREAUX?

Noiseworks could be a last minute addition to the annual Montreaux Pop Festival in Switzerland one of the most prestigious pop gigs.

They could join a bill that includes fellow Australians Midnight Oil and Icehouse, as well as Wet Wet Wet, Robert Palmer, Steve Winwood, Billy Ocean, Howard Jones, Ziggy Marley, Scritti Politti etc.

Noiseworks who've been in the studios for the past few months make their live debut outside Australia on May 17 at a gig with Do Re Mi at the Town & Country Club in London.

They then do dates in Paris, Milan, Amsterda and Stockholm, and of course Montreaux if negotiations go through.

They are scheduled for an Australian tour through June/July, after which they return to the studios in Sydney and continue working on their LP.

TRIBESMEN GO WALKABOUT

The Screaming Tribesman's long mooted overseas trip is now definitely set.

The band departs in August for America, to coincide with the release of their single "I've Got A Feeling" and their *Bones & Flowers* album.

The LP will be issued Stateside by Rykodisc, an innovative young label which has made its mark there as a CD label releasing Frank Zappa, Jimi Hendrix and other electric reissues.

The Tribesmen will also be touring through Europe, and are not expected to return home until Christmas.

The trip to America has been on the cards for almost two years, following *Date With A Vampyre* going Top 5 in New York and No 1 on the US college charts in 1986.

In the meantime, the band is midway through an East Coast jaunt, its last before heading O/S.

After dates in NSW and Qld, the Tribesmen are this week back in Sydney for the week.

Other dates are:
Melbourne — June 9, 10
Adelaide — June 11, 12
Sydney — June 20 to July 3

BARBED WIRES

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER

Cheap Trick ham it up for the cameras with the happy gang at CBS Records in Sydney.

Quote of the week has to go to American folk singer-turned-jazzy appreciator *Joni Mitchell* on why her (ex) housekeeper is sueing her for $5 million:

"My housekeeper — she was a Guatemalan and I'd paid for her to go back there twice and the second time she didn't even go. She went to Europe, so she'd been lying. So I kicked her in the shins."

Ms. Mitchell arrives here shortly for a brief PR visit, while expected over the next few weeks are Brit scream-dreamers **Bros** and one time Buzz-turned-restaurant owner **Boz Scaggs.**

Bros are of course one of the biggest idols in Britain at the moment. They recently got turfed outside their house after 300 fans regularly stood outside chanting for them for every day of the school holidays. The neighbours tired of the incessant squealing and took action. Apparently such was the mobbing that each member took ten minutes to be escorted through the throng to their limo each day — parked a mere 10 yards out in the street!

As for Boz . . . the last time he came through, he got into a hissy with **Ian Meldrum** and thumped him.

• **Pet Shop Boys'** movie *It Couldn't Happen Here* is living up to its name — its overseas release date has been put back yet again, this time to July.

• **Ah Just Called To Say I'm Stevie Wonder:** poor poor pitiful **Stevie.** Imagine getting on the phone to do someone a favour and finding out the clods don't believe you are who you are!.

Stevie heard rappers **Salt'n'Pepa's** new single and fell in love with it. He rang up his personal radio station KJHL and asked them to play it. They said they hadn't received a copy of the single from the girls' record company.

So Stevie got on the blower and spoke to the head of the record company . . . who testily told him "look, whoever you are, I know you're not Stevie Wonder, so just rack off!"

Undaunted, Wonder got a radio station lackey to go and *buy* a copy and play it. He then tried to ring the record company again, asking for the girls to appear on his MTV one-hour special. Once again, they thought he was an imposter and told him to take a very long walk off a very short pier.

It's only when Wonder sent the two girls airline tickets to fly to New York that the penny dropped . . . faces went red, egg was wiped off faces, and the record company lackeys duly started grovelling at Mr. Wonder's toe-sies.

• Speaking of toes, some idiot asked **Frank Zappa** why he'd called his son **Dweezil,** and not something simple like **John, Belvedere or Chaudmont.**

"Well, his mother's left toe was called Dweezil, so we named him after it."

• **Grace Knight** of the **Eurogliders** remembers the time she tried to sneak into a shopping mall in Geraldton (WA) to buy some undies, hoping no one'd notice her. To her chagrin, the shop manager recognised her and made an announcement over the PA system welcoming her and pointing her out to the other shoppers.

Everyone simultaneously turned . . . to see a red-faced Knight holding on to six pairs of $1.99 knickers.

There's a fine line between guitarist and Gina! Gina Riley (pictured) plays the party of a Chrissie Amphlett fantasy in a new musical called "Fitzroy Crossing", which opens at the Carlton Courthouse Theatre in Melbourne on May 18. Music for the show is written by Joe Dolce.

• **The Saints** played the final show at Sydney's Tivoli, although its organisers **Harry Della** and **Marc Christowski** say they'll be back with another venue within three months.

In Melbourne, The Venue is also to close its doors.

• Canberra's **Falling Joys,** reviewed here two weeks ago, will be joining **Scattered Order** when they do a four-week East Coast tour next month to coincide with their double LP *Comfort* set.

• Congrats to **Thompson Twins' Tom Bailey** and **Alannah Currie** on the arrival of their son **Jackson James.**

• **Cher** says she's sick and tired of getting mistaken for . . . **Peter Burns** of **Dead Or Alive!.**

• In last week's issue, London dj **Mark Moore** explained that his **S-Express'** "Theme from S-Express" cost about $500 to make.

He didn't point out, however, that the real reason for its low cost is that the record company gave him an advance of about $2,000 to make the record. Mark blew the money on buying new clothes!

It's the cheapest record to hit the UK Top 10, and will certainly repeat that distinction if it becomes a hit in Australia too.

• Melbourne's **Breaknecks,** who did a series of demos with **Hunters & Collectors' John Archer,** intend to record a mini-LP's worth of material between H&C's touring commitments.

• Tipped for tours later in the year: **OMD** and **China Crisis.**

• Visiting Kiwi outfit **The Bats** might reshedule the touring plans they outlined in last week's issue: member **Kaye Woodward** has since discovered she's in the family way.

• **Herbie Hancock** has written the soundtrack for the new **Sean Penn** movie *Colors* about LA gang warfare.

• **Van Morrison** has been approached to play a benefit concert for a former schoolfriend being held hostage in Lebanon.

University lecturer **Brian Keenan** was kidnapped two years ago and has not been heard of since, despite appeals for contact from his family and Irish diplomats. Keenan's family is planning a mass rally in Belfast, and want Morrison's show to be its centrepiece.

• **REM** have thrown their weight behind the **Peter Gabriel/Sting** Amnesty world tour and will play a couple of shows. The three-month tour kicks off in September and will take in repressive countries like Argentina, USSR, Brazil, Costa Rica, Poland, Zimbabwe, India, China, Ivory Coast and Thailand.

African star **Youssou N'dour** has also agreed to take part in some of the shows.

• **Fay Fife,** former singer with **The Rezillos** spotted playing Lady Macbeth in an Edinburgh University drama department's production of The Great Bard's play.

• On **The Fall's** current European tour, the band amuses itself by playing the game of Twister, which involves a mat and much bending of the human body. Hard enough in a normal living room, next to impossible on a bus, though!

• To celebrate the release of their next single "Sixteen", **The Spliffs** are undertaking 16 dates in 16 days in both NSW and Qld.

Presumably they're also hoping that 16 people don't turn up to catch the entire tour!

• Why did **Painters & Dockers' Paul Stewart** shave off his tiny moustache? Seems too many idiots from the racist rightwing National Front thought he was paying a "tribute" to Ol'Crazy Eyes **Adolf Hitler,** and turned up to P&D gigs. After one gig where a couple of the jerks started to *seig heil*, Stewart came off the stage and shaved it off right then and there.

Apparently **Billy Idol's** guitarist **Steve Stevens** took umbrage at the facial growth too, when P&D supported Idol on his tour.

"He walked up to me and said 'Man you're a freak, whaddya got that on for'." remembers Paul. "I'm looking at this guy in a tight pink jumpsuit, with long black heels, makeup and six-foot long black hair and he's calling *me* a freak!"

• **Ups & Downs** preparing for a national tour in June, following the release of their LP (as yet untitled) produced by **John Harvey** of **The Venetians** fame.

• Apparently while **Ozzy Osbourne** and his band record their new LP in the studio, Da Ozz insists on playing splatter movies on the video, to "encourage" their young guitarist **Zakk** to "think" in the right agressive way.

Ozzy's also pasted the studio walls with pictures of fallen American tele-evangelist **Jimmy Swaggert,** as a "symbol of all that he hates to make his rock and roll even nastier".

Obviously as all these tele-evangelist phonies crumble domino-fashion after being caught in all kinds of compromising positions, the heavy metal stars whom they attacked and defiled in public are now getting their revenge.

Ozzy's next album contains a track called "Miracle Man" which is about . . . yes, Swaggert.

Speaking of which, remember how presidential hopeful **Albert Gore** and his wife **Tipper** spent the last 18 months getting a lot of publicity for themselves by attacking rock music and insisting on tougher censorship for it.

Over the last few months, the Gores have quietened down their shrill yelpings and some weeks ago, even met up with prominent music industry execs to "make peace".

Why the change of heart? Seems Gore's presidential campaign needed funds, and the Gores were well aware that rock musicians had the power to draw a lot of money by playing benefit concerts. Unfortunately for them, the music biz people jolly well knew what they were up to, and told them to shove it.

• **Pink Floyd's** *Dark Side Of The Moon* has, after 725 weeks, finally dropped out of the US charts!

• Following the return of the **Doobies** and **LRB,** yet another '70s "we're in it for the music, man" band is about to announce officially its return.

This time it's **Little Feat.** Original members **Richie Hayward** (drums), **Kenny Gradney** (bass), **Paul Barrere** (guitars), **Sam Clayton** (percussion) and **Bill Payne** (vocals) have got together with new boys **Craig Fuller** (vocals) and **Fred Tackett** (guitar) and cut an album with producer **George Massenburg.**

Meantime, contrary to what a **Kool & The Gang** member said to *Barbed Wires*, it looks as though the long time disco outfit is not going to call it quits after the departure of singer **James Taylor.** They've recruited two 24-year old singers **Gary Brown** and **Billy Cliff,** who make their vinyl debut with them on some new tracks The Gang are cutting for a retrospective.

Taylor in the meantime says his debut solo LP will "not play it as safe" as some recent band efforts. "I want some rawness in there but not total fund. I want to attempt what **Michael Jackson** does — that is, to do funky tunes but in a way everyone can get to".

• Sydney's R&B boogie band **The Hippos** — consisting of producer **Les Karski** and **John Power** (ex-**Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons**) — have signed with WEA.

• Latest to join the **Nelson Mandela** bash in London next month: **Phil Collins** with **Midge Ure,** and **The Bee Gees.**

• **Sonic Youth** rang into problems when legendary '60s photographer **Richard Avedon** rang them up and told them that permission had not been granted (or requested) for them to use one of his photos on the cover of their *Sister* album.

He used cheery words like "lawyer" "copywright" and "drop dead", so The Sonics are sending out stickers to record shops so that the offending image can be covered up.

• **Wedding Parties Anything** going down a storm in Canada where they're doing dates with the **Bo-Deans.**

Super-fan **Billy Bragg** rang and asked them to do some shows with him on his US tour.

Maybe he's tiring of gay folkie **Michelle Shocked** who apparently insists on "remaining true to the street" by hitch-hiking from town to town rather than hop on the tour bus like everybody else.

Sure, it's a whole lot more romantic, but Ms. Shocked invariably makes it to the gigs just minutes before showtime, hency going on without the benefit of sound-checks, tune-ups etc.

• **Procul Harum's** keyboards-player **Matthew Fisher** guests with new age pianist **David Lanz** on the latter's cover of "A Whiter Shade Of Pale".

• **Go-Betweens,** currently without a label in Australia, heading back to Europe shortly.

• **Herbie Hancock** and **Chick Corea** share the stage for the first time in ten years doing a 23-date US tour to raise money for the homeless.

• **Morrissey** refusing to go out on tour despite big success of his solo career.

• Tut tut, in an attempt to getting thousands of dollars in unpaid taxes from celebs, the US tax boys circulate their names to newspapers and radio stations to "shame" them into paying up. First victim to this pathetic trick is **Debbie Harry.**

Here's Bryan Adams, flanked by a typically well-groomed Bruce Willis and girlfriend Demi Moore.

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NOW REM GET INTO ZEP-MANIA!

REM, the "American band of the '80s" is the latest to flirt with the Led Zeppelin myth. According to bassist Mike Mills, some of the tracks on the next REM album will sound Zeppelinish.

The LP, their first since they signed their $6 million world deal with WEA, will be recorded during the next few months, with Scott Litt once again doing the honours.

REM are clearly at the crossroads: *Document* broke them into the Top 40 in a lot of countries including Australia while their "The One I Love" went Top 10 in the States.

Singer Mike Stipe at the time hinted it was time to "break the thing down and built it up again". Mills confirms that for the next LP, they are indeed trying a new approach to writing.

"Rather than sitting down with one guitar to write," he explains, "everybody's been writing as they play noise, just kindda forming a song out of the noise — the big bang theory of songwriting.

"In a way they (the new songs) are more discordant — less linearly written from a musical point of view. The new songs kindda run the gamut from a little bit of grunge to some light stuff with the mandolin — from soft to a Led Zeppelin sort of thing."

Mills confirmed that he was a Zep freak.

"I actually think they were a tremendous band — really really good, one of the top five of all time probably. I'm sure they'll get their due."

And what do REM think of Butthole Surfers, who claim they moved to Athens to be near REM and composed a song which went *"Michael Stipe/despite the hype/we still want to suck on your big pipe"*.

Mills remains unimpressed. "Y'know, you'd think they'd have something better to talk about than us. They moved down here because they heard Athens was a really cool hip place.

They moved here and it was hip and trendy and then they got sick of it and moved away.

"To tell the truth I wouldn't know if one of them came up and bit me. I've seen them play, though, and they're good."

As reported here two issues ago, REM have been basically holidaying over the last six months, with Peter Buck touring with Robyn Hitchcock and Mike Stipe doing some interior decoration in his house.

Mills said that REM would not be touring anywhere this year except for some shows on the Sting/Peter Gabriel Amnesty tour.

"That'll give us a year away from touring. I imagine that once we get cranking next time, we'll go all over the place."

So, does this mean that Australia will at long last get to see them.

Aside from the new WEA LP, their former label IRS is apparently trying to track down the Dutch radio live session that provided the live medley for the b-side of "Finest Worksong".

MEGA PRODUCTION TEAM: LOSING THEIR TOUCH?

Pop's most prolific songwriting/production team Stock Aitken & Waterman may be losing their midas touch after two major studio projects had to be abandoned.

One was with Sigue Sigue Sputnik, the other with Judas Priest.

Four tracks for the new Priest LP have been shelved, according to their British label CBS but may turn up somewhere else . . . maybe a soundtrack. Priest have asked Tom Allom to do the entire LP. A source close to the band say Priest were appalled with the results of the $100,000 sessions . . . "they haven't stopped laughing since they heard them."

Concerning Sigue Sigue Sputnik, it seems that there were personality clashes in the studios between SAW and Sputnik Leader Tony James. The band weren't impressed when SAW took a "dictatorial" stance over the recordings and demanded co-writing credit on the songs.

"NOW BOARDING" LAST CHANCE TO ENTER JUKE/YAMAHA ROCK '88

Entries for Juke/Yamaha rock '88 must be completed and be in the hot little hands of Yamaha's David Baker by Friday May 20th, or your band certainly won't be experiencing a Shanghai surprise!

Participants from around the world will share some of the $100,000 worth of prizes and cash awards at the October 30, International Final of Juke/Yamaha Rock '88.

The final will take place at Tokyo's famous Budoken Hall which offers stage and production facilities second to none.

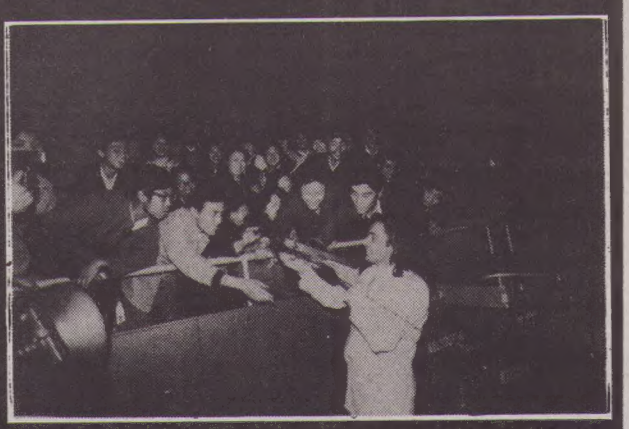
Twenty-one bands will participate with the International winner being awarded US $15,000 worth of Yamaha Musical Instruments plus US $15,000 cash.

Total prize value for the Juke/Yamaha Rock '88 International Final is in excess of $100,000 Australian dollars with six different award levels involved.

Australia's winning band representing us in the Tokyo final will also win $5,000 worth of Yamaha Musical Instruments plus a $5,000 digital demo recording at Metropolis Audio.

In addition to this, the winning band will receive an all expenses paid trip to the Hong Kong Oceania Semi-Final on the 3rd of August. If successful in Hong Kong, our Aussie winners will then perform in the ultimate showcase, the Tokyo International Final.

Juke/Yamaha Rock '88 is for unsigned rock bands, and remember entries close 20th May. Entry forms are available from Yamaha Music Stores and Hi Fi dealers only.



• This Hong Kong audience is amazed at J.M.J's keyboard, imagine what an impression you'll make with a whole band!

Billboard in Concert

JUKE

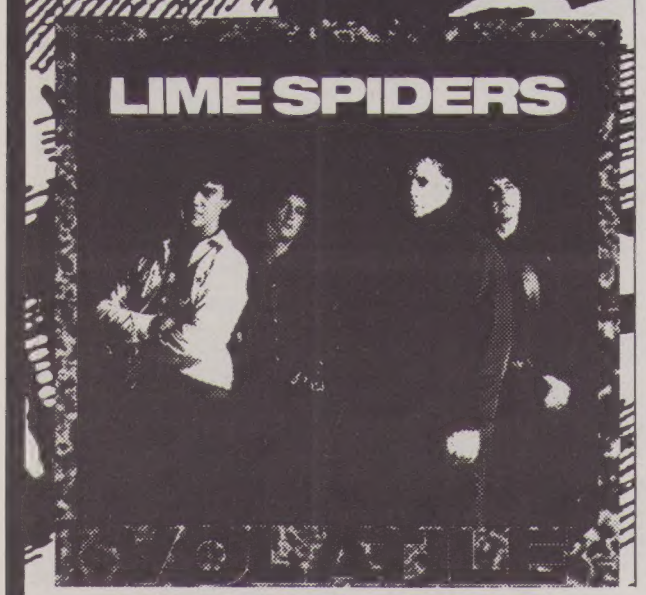
Metropolis AUDIO

YAMAHA ROCK '88

LIME SPIDERS

N E W A L B U M

VOLATILE



LIME SPIDERS — VOLATILE
AVAILABLE ON

VOLATILE TOUR '88

QUEENSLAND — MAY
WED. 11 **POWERHOUSE TOOWOOMBA**
THU. 12 **GALAXY ALEXANDER HEADLANDS**
FRI. 13 **THE ROXY, BRISBANE**
SAT. 14 **THE GENERATOR, SURFERS PARADISE**

NEW SOUTH WALES — MAY
TUE. 17 **TRACKS, EPPING**
THU. 19 **SYDNEY COVE TAVERN**
FRI. 20 **THE VENUE, DEE WHY**
SAT. 21 **CARINGBAH INN**

VICTORIA — MAY
THU. 26 **MENTONE HOTEL**
FRI. 27 **PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL**
SAT. 28 **CENTRAL CLUB HOTEL**

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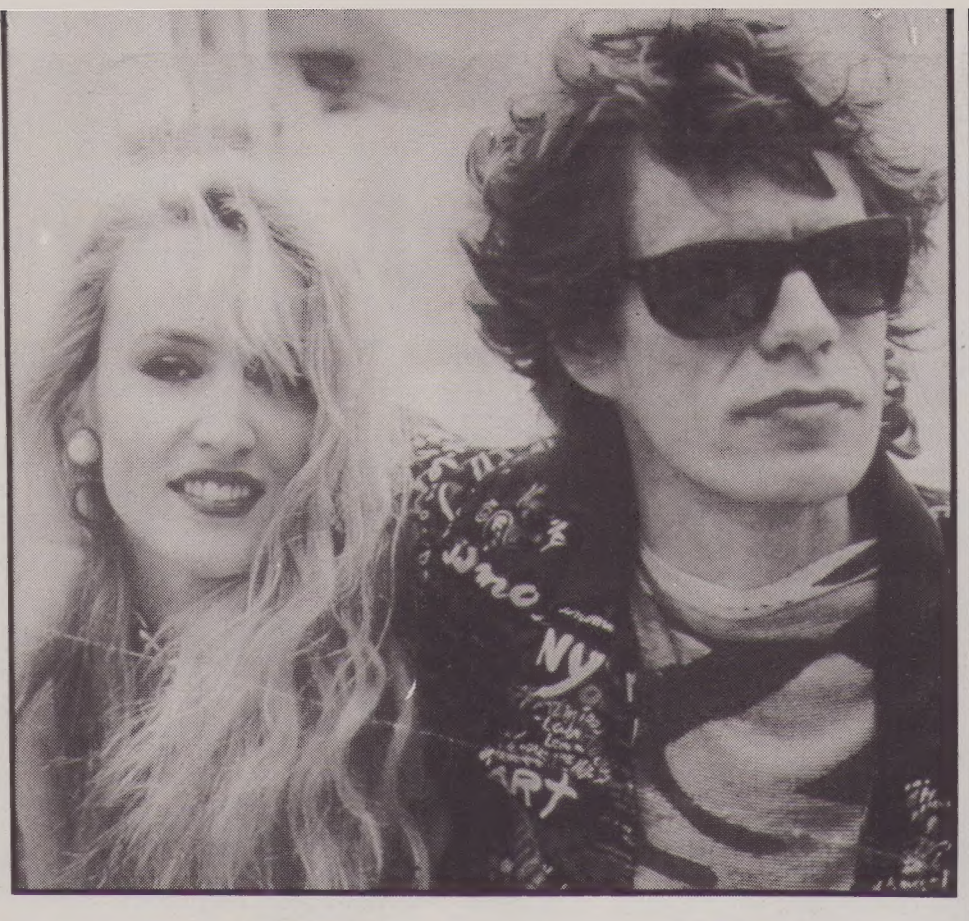
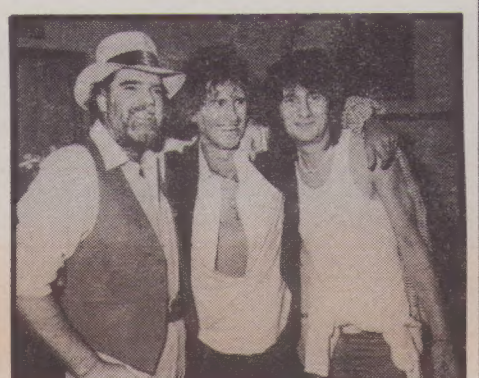


ROLLING STONES:

What'll start 'em up again?

By David Horowitz



Early last year, Ronnie Wood was contemplating flying to Australia to do some dates with Party Boys. Some time before that, Kevin Borich and he had jammed in New York and struck up a friendship.

But at the 11th hour Wood pulled out — at the time there were stories circulating that Mick Jagger had quit the Rolling Stones and that the band had ceased to exist.

Understandably, it wouldn't have looked good for his image for the guitarist with the, ahem, Greatest Band In The World to be suddenly seen playing a small Sydney pub just weeks after the announcement.

However by late last year, as the slanging match between Jagger and Keith Richards put a greater doubt on the possibility of any Stones reformation, Wood had got his act together.

On November 4, he hit the road with one of his idols, R&B veteran Bo Diddley, for a three week trek through America, winding up at the Ritz club in New York. During the tour he was also visiting various art galleries promoting exhibitions of his screen prints, paintings etchings and drawings of celebrities. He also published a collection of his artwork *The Works* which included a witty autobiography.

For much of this year, he's been finishing off his next solo LP . . . and patiently awaiting a Stones reunion. It could take a few more years, he says.

"Time must do its job and heal" he comments. "Mick must get his solo stuff off his chest, and he's got a bit of owning up to do and a few things to amend. He's just got to feel a bit more wanted.

"Keith can be a bit harsh in his attitude, especially the attitude that comes across in the press. I'm sure if I was Mick I'd think I'm not going to go anywhere near Keith — he'll stick one on me'. But they are pals over the years. I think maybe Mick has just gone too far in trying to prove it on his own.

"If only he could see that he's most powerful with the Stones . . . what does he want?"

Wood is honest enough to admit that if Mick and Keith aren't brought to their senses, they could drift so far apart they'd never be able to play together again. As far as Woody is concerned, the Stones need to get back on the road quickly to clear their heads.

"I know that's what Keith misses too, because we're very confused when we're not touring".

The Stones' long-time passive rhythm section Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts have remained silent — frustratingly so — on the dissension. They have preferred to be observers although neither will concede that the Stones are finished.

"Hopefully, things will get sorted out with the band. I saw Bill recently and he's as indifferent as usual, but ready to work. So's Charlie.

"I know Keith would really prefer to work with the Stones than doing his own record. He was more or less forced into the corner of picking up one of these offers, and when he finally had enough, he signed a solo deal (with Virgin). He would never have done that if the Stones had stuck together."

FINISHED

Mick Jagger in the meantime has just finished off a lucrative solo tour of Japan, with Steve Ray Vaughan as lead guitarist.

Mick had intended to tour the solo band in Australia through March and was designed to launch the tour at the Adelaide Arts Festival. But the sales of his second solo LP *Primitive Cool* was deemed not strong enough. He is negotiating to tour here later this year.

Seen as the villain behind the whole split, Jagger hinted that the problem was really another member of the band, and that he would not go on the road with the Stones until the internal dissension was sorted out.

Speaking in *Musician* magazine, Jagger confessed that he still viewed the Stones as an ongoing entity, and that they should go back on tour one day.

(But) I don't believe in forcing things when they're not right though. It's a mistake, 'cause they tend to really fall apart. I saw the last Who tour in Philadelphia, and that was a classic example. They did the tour for money, and they weren't getting on: they were hating each other and it came across onstage.

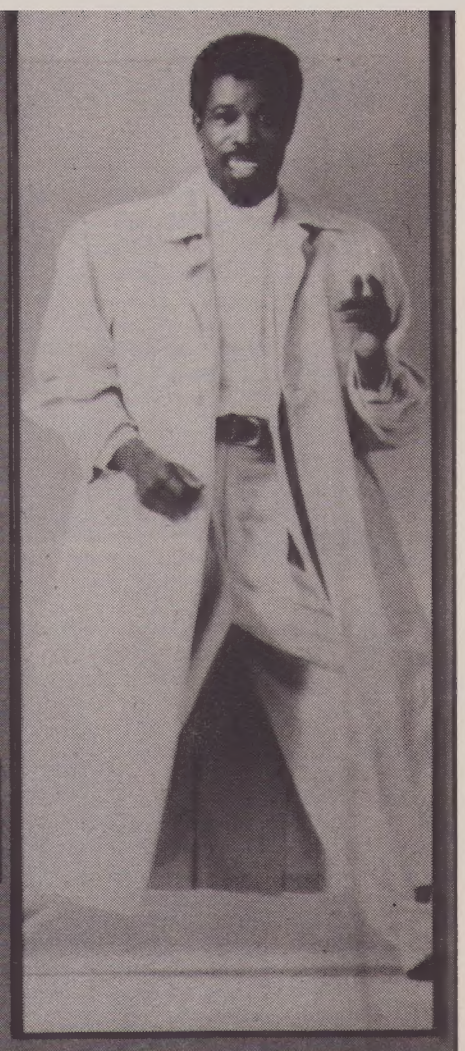
"I was upset, as a member of the audience. And then it was the end. It taught me a lesson. I didn't want to be in the situation of not getting on with people but being forced into this intensive situation of living and working together."

He added that as a "prime member" of the Stones, his opinions should be respected, whether or not they were considered valid by fans and band members.

One of the reasons why Jagger was eager to stand aside from the Stones — even for a while — was that he's tired of the band's Bad Boy myth and image, and the way fans keep trying to emulate their lifestyle . . . only to go over the top.

"I found it (the legend) rather stultifying 'cause it clings so much. When you move over from it to a new project, you're more able to relax and find new avenues. You're setting yourself apart from it, and maybe people will look at it in a different way."

Shooting the breeze with BILLY OCEAN



By Jillian Hughes

What is it about Billy Ocean? Totally unassuming to the point where very little is known about his private life, he watches from the sidelines at the pop scene.

The world shrieks itself hoarse about Terences, Jermaines and Tiffanys. But every time Billy Ocean puts out a record, it streaks to the top in Australia, England, Europe and Japan and God knows how many other countries.

So doesn't Billy feel threatened by the fact that the young 'uns seem to be dominating magazine space by continually rushing out records, while Uncle Billy plods along at his own pace?

"Well, I believe in quality over quantity," he explains during a rush trip to London, before flying off to Belgium to do TV appearances. "I write my own songs, so I don't mind taking twice as long to get it right.

"Most people tend to think I'm active only when I've got a record here in London, and the rest of the time I'm sleeping or put on ice somewhere! I like to keep myself really busy, to such an extent that a day off is a real luxury.

"If I'm not doing this interview with you for an Australian magazine, then I'll be doing TV somewhere in Europe. A record that was No 1 in England six months ago might suddenly start to pick up somewhere else in the world, so I've got to go and promote that.

"But I don't keep busy in the sense of being a 'celebrity' or 'personality' where I do a lot of celebrity TV quiz shows or go to the right parties. I'm really a shy person. I love to write songs and perform them — and because of that I have to get up onstage and give concerts. I mean, it's no use writing great songs in your bedroom if no one hears them!"

Out in the country: Billy Ocean was born in Trinidad but moved to London with his family when he was a kid. His mother and father were determined to give their children a go in life that had been denied to them in Trinidad.

Although Ocean is to all purposes a British person, he tries to get back to the West Indies as much as he can. He remembers his early childhood with great fondness, skinny dipping with his school friends in the warm blue ocean and playing cricket with "bats" made out of palm trees because they couldn't afford the real ones.

These days he, his wife Judy and their three children, Cherie, Rachel and Anthony live out in a large room in Ascot in the Berkshire countryside, set within 1½ acres of grounds. He likes "the challenge and therapy" of working in the garden to forget pop's pressures.

"I moved out into the countryside as soon as I could because I'd grown up in East London, very rough, very tough and full of bricks. In fact, I grew up in a street called Brick Lane! You talk about kids having a tough time today, go and ask of of the street kids in East London about just how tough life can be for them."

Yet Ocean soon found out that not all East Enders like to escape, that their loyal feelings tend to be stronger than wants for comfort.

"My dad died almost ten years ago, and my mum's all alone. I tried to get her to move out to a more comfortable existence but she absolutely wouldn't hear of it. She refuses to leave her tiny council flat. She doesn't have to work anymore but she says she wants to keep cleaning up a games arcade. She doesn't need the money because I look after her there, but she says her bones will go hard or something. She's obviously happy doing that so I leave her."

Comes a time: one of the things that bugs Billy Ocean is that he's 38 — a very late time in pop to be establishing one's self.

"That really peeves me. At my age I should be moving away from pop to something else, not rushing around at a mad pace which I am now.

"But . . . you know, that's life isn't it? About ten years ago I had a rush of hits, things like 'Love Really Hurts Without You' which was a big hit in Australia too, and then I ran into business problems, I was out of the game for a long time, so I figures that if I didn't have this success now, I'd be an unemployed bum with a wife and kids and forced to squat somewhere.

"Close friends tell me that I should be blowing my trumpet more about the fact that I've had some big success in America, that one year I beat Prince at the Grammy awards for R&B vocal, or that 'When The Going Gets Tough' reached No 1 in 14 countries. But to me, well, I've had a lot of knockback and disappointments, and I'm getting my just reward.

"I'm thankful things have worked out for me. OK, sometimes I might get peeved I'm having hit records so late in life, or maybe one of my videos was knocked back by *Top Of The Pops*. So what? It's a drag, I s'pose, but when you look around and see real suffering like Nelson Mandela spending 25 years in jail for standing up for his beliefs, then . . . well, what's a video to compare with something like that?"

Jump in my car: right now Ocean's high in the charts with "Get Outta My Dreams, Get Into My Car". The song's heavy on insinuation but Ocean blinks innocently and can't believe that anyone could find it spicy or sexy.

"I suppose a lot of things *do* happen in cars, haha, but I kindda see the car in the song as a *thing*, like a church or an umbrella. Not an insinuation."

Hmmm, so what did he do in the back of cars when h was a kid?

"When I was a kid we didn't have a car. None of my friends did. We legged it everywhere. Or we caught the bus. Later on we hung out with kids who had mopeds but there's not a lot you can do in the backseat of a moped."

What does he drive now? We can tell the owner's personality from the car he/she drives, you know.

"I drive a Volkswagen, quite nice, quite dependable. Takes me from Point A to Point B without any problems."

His dream car?

"When I first came to England, I always dreamed about driving around in something fast and expensive, like a Porsche or a Lamborghini. But that's just a pipe dream because it's impractical to own one in a country like England where you can only go up to 70mph."

Does he read a lot?

"My favourite is the Bible. I'm kind of a Christian, not a very good one. But the Bible is a collection of fascinating stories, which I get more out of each time I read it."

Does he own any pets, did he think of adopting that tiger which once appeared with him in a video?

"You're kidding. I still have nightmares about that tiger. The director decided that I should sing, walk over to the tiger, put my hands on its head, then keep singing and walk away. I mean, the tiger looked docile enough, so I agreed.

"But something went wrong. Maybe it was the cameras or the lights, or some of the smoke bombs we used, but the tiger got a big grumpy. Anyway when I was filming with my hand on its head, it decided to take a slight nip on my leg. Nothing dangerous, but it scared me half to death, let me tell you."

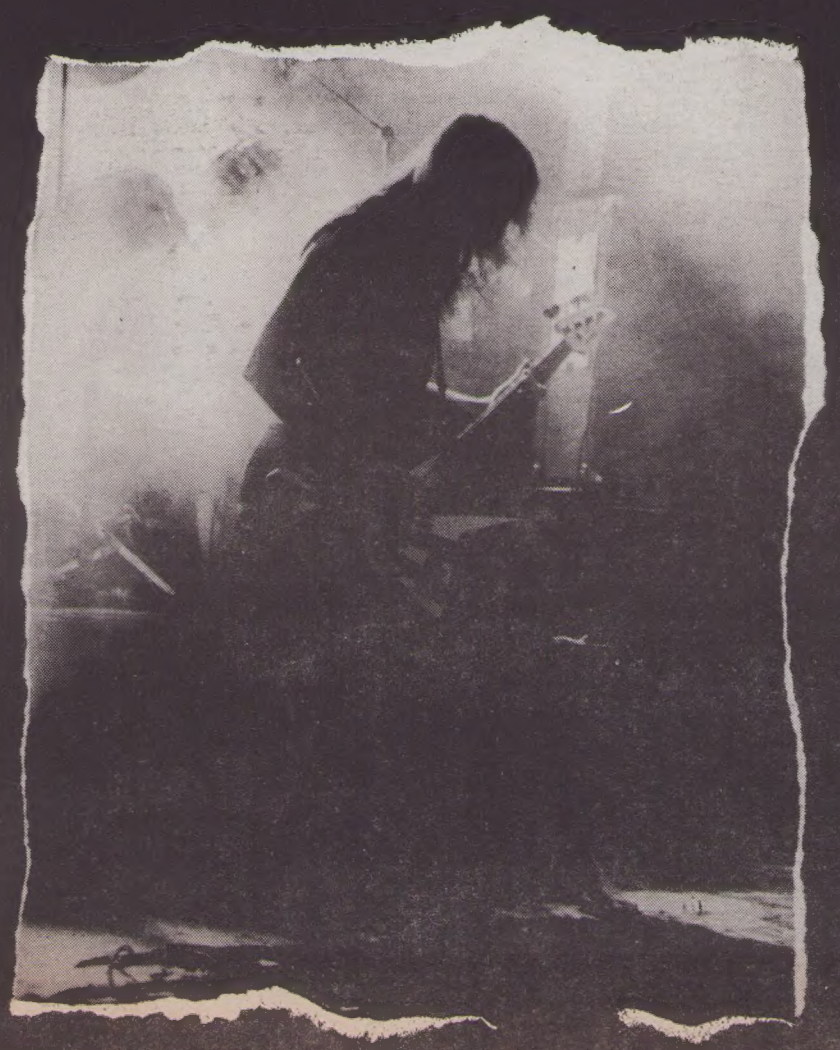
NOTHING SACRED: back in attack. . .

The general indifference expressed towards HM music by much of the Australian mainstream rock media has been known to lead bands to take rather desperate measures.

Melbourne's Nothing Sacred, frustrated by being totally ignored by all forms of local radio, last year decided to take matters into their own hands . . . literally, by taking over a radio station, gagging the resident deejay and playing tracks from their "Deathwish" EP!

Bassist, Karl Lean, recalls the night: "We went to a 7-11 store and bought stockings and put them over our heads, burst through the door of the radio station and for about two hours we played our record, along with some Hawkwind and Motorhead stuff. We had a bit of rivalry with that disc-jockey *(3RRR's Alan Thomas)* for about a year after that 'cos we gaffer-taped his head up, handcuffed him to his chair and put a whole roll of gaffa around him, so he couldn't move!"

This, of course, is a rather extreme reaction to a dilemma facing many local HM bands, but it serves to highlight the general feeling of frustration which exists within the local HM scene.



Nothing Sacred, who've existed in various forms since 1982, have managed to endure, against considerable odds, with their enthusiasm intact. Armed with two new guitarists (Terry Cameron — ex-*Nemesis* and George Larin — ex-*New Religion*), a new record (a 12-song LP called *Let Us Pray*, released through Cleopatra/Musicland) and a new live set, the band is determined to make a long-awaited breakthrough, in spite of the lack of support they've received in the past.

Lean: "Heavy Metal music, despite what people say, *is* commercially viable. Look at bands like Iron Maiden. They sell a lot of records in Australia and they're not lightweight by any means. It's just that local bands need more support from venues and record companies to enable them to present their music in the best way possible and have the promotion to back it up."

Nothing Sacred forked out $9000 to cut and release their first EP, seeking quality and ultimately getting disappointing production and unviable financial returns. For the new LP *Let Us Pray*, the band managed to secure a lease deal through Melbourne's Cleopatra label, which is one of the few Oz companies offering support for the HM genre.

The LP is produced by Mark Woods and features a cover illustration by Motorhead's cover-artist, Joe Petagno.

Lean: "I'm a member of the Motor Headbangers fanclub and they have a bi-monthly mag which in one issue featured an interview with Joe Petagno and listed his home address. So I whipped-off a letter to him. Alan Burridge, who runs the fan club, contacted Joe and told him that we were genuine and so Joe sent us the artwork and only asked us a hundred and fifty bucks for it, which is pretty cheap considering he's a professional artist."

Nothing Sacred have spent the last eight months working-in the two new guitarists, writing, recording and occasionally playing live. The lack of venues which will accommodate HM bands makes finding good gigs very difficult, but over the last two years the band has managed two Sydney tours and three trips to Adelaide, where there is a strong underground following for metal. In 1986 the band headlined the (now annual) Metal For Melbourne concert, which attracted a crowd of over 1400.

Despite having a number of fast songs in the set (no doubt inspired by ex-Depression drummer, Sham), NS refuse to be filed in the same basket with the current wave of thrash-metal bands:

Lean: "There are some fast songs, but there are a lot of slower songs too. There's a fairly wide scope."

Sham: "We don't aim at a particular market . . . we don't aim to be HM or Thrash. For a while we were playing a lot of really fast stuff and people started calling us a thrash band, but since then we've written other songs that aren't fast — so it fluctuates."

The "fluctuation" has caused some confusion amongst audiences, with the band going through a stage where thrash fans *and* HM followers were turning up to watch them play.

Sham: "At one stage the headbangers and punks started hanging 'round together and going to the same gigs and a lot of Melbourne bands crossed-over, but it's starting to pull apart a bit now, not because of the people, but because of the bands."

Lean: "We had a bit of a problem for a while, 'cos we started attracting the moshers, who were stage-diving and jumping over each other and riding their skateboards into people and all the rest of it. I'm not sure how we picked them up, but we did and the general pub going person, who makes up 60% of the audience, was getting pissed-off with having his feet run over by a skateboard or whatever. I mean we encouraged it to some extent, because we were trying to stir people up. It's better to watch guys throw themselves off the stage and getting mortally wounded, than watch them sitting quietly at the bar getting drunk, so we didn't mind. But I think some of the people who used to come and see us were a bit put off by it all. Now the moshers don't come any more, because we're not full-on thrash. It seems they've started to need more and more speed and what was fast last year isn't any more and we haven't kept up with that. So we aren't getting as many moshers and we're not getting as many other people either — 'cos they were sick of getting their toes run over — so the crowds have been getting smaller."

It will be interesting to see what type of crowd shows up to NS's first gig with the new line-up, which will be the band's LP launch at Melbourne's Moreland Hotel on June 4.

Despite their mixture of fans, NS's biggest devotee is still Lean's grandmother, who buys NS records for all the relatives for Christmas.

Lean: "All my nephews have got Nothing Sacred t-shirts, Nothing Sacred posters and Nothing Sacred albums, which is good, because there's about 16 of them! So we get plenty of sales from my grandmother."

Sham: "Karl was gonna breed 'em all and let them loose on the world."

Lean: "Yeah! Success through relations!"

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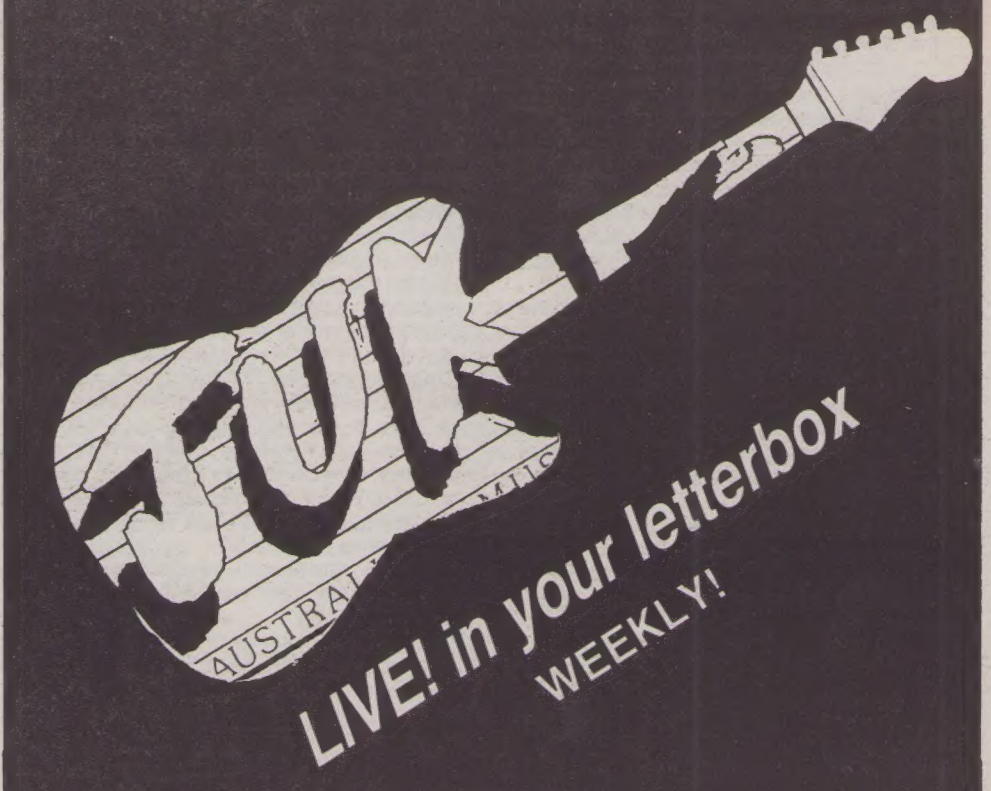

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DAMP RISING

Clever young Scots WET WET WET tell their producers they wanna sound like a tin of baked beans, claim to be "the young soul rebels" and STILL want to be taken seriously . . .
DAVID QUANTICK gets a good laugh . . .

"I'll be black in a minute if it's all white with you."

Pardon?

The red-haired one in Wet Wet Wet is called Tom Cunningham and he's a bit fond of the odd cryptic utterance.

"It's something Willie Mitchell used to say to us," adds Tom. "We used to sit out on the porch in Memphis trying to get a sun tan and he used to come out and say, how is it all white guys wanna be black and all black guys wanna be white? And he used to say I'll be black in a minute if it's all white with you."

Ah. An insight into Willie Mitchell's mind is always valid. Mitchell gave us Al Green and Ann Peebles and also Wet Wet Wet. Tell me more, Tom.

"This hotel is shit."

He looks round, as does Graeme Clark, also a Wet. We can see tens of businessmen in suits drinking tea in the lounge. It seems Wet Wet Wet had a very '50s experience in the restaurant last night. The hotel wouldn't serve them because they were wearing leather jackets. Words were exchanged, apologies were preferred and now, badly dressed as we are, we are drinking all the tea we can. Being in Wet Wet Wet seems to involve a lot of misapprehensions and arguments.

Graeme starts off. "Because of the way certain situations, like TV interviews, are set up, you get put in terribly embarrassing situations.

"The don't let you speak your mind and you can't get across any *points*, like what you do and why you do it. You can't get any intelligence across, you're just a thick pop-star."

"Silly things like kids behind you waving scarves," adds Tom disconsolately.

"We don't do that now because we're in a stronger position," continues Graeme, "And people think that's arrogant, but it's only just trying not to look stupid. It's a stupid business, you know."

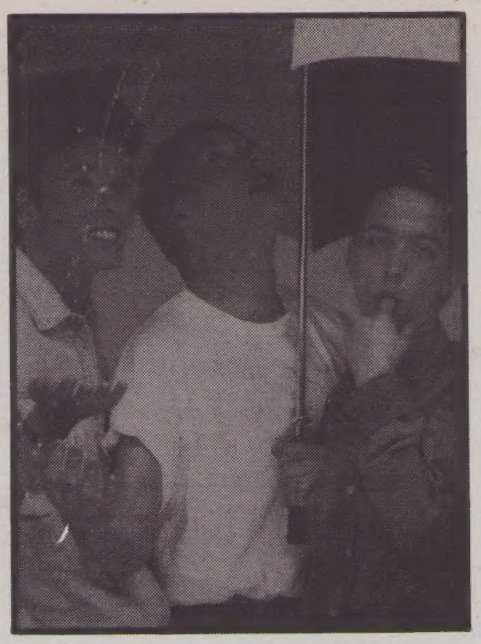
A STUPID BUSINESS

The situation that Wet Wet Wet wish to talk about is, natch, their own.

Like every pop group, they feel misrepresented to some degree by the media. This is hugely common; probably even Sinitta dreams of artistic freedom. And Wet Wet Wet, not unnaturally, do not see themselves as pretty boy pop toys stuffed into the charts for teen lust and financial gain. And, not unnaturally again, the people who they deal with view them as jsut that. Let's go to Europe.

Tom, peeved; "We were in this European studio doing 'Angel Eyes' and the director had this bright idea of sticking three little girls on two staircases either side of us, playing violins. None of them could actually *play* the violin, and we took him aside and said, for you to show us in this light will actually work against what we are and what we're trying to do. And we persuaded him after 45 minutes . . ."

"Then," says the long-suffering Graeme, "he said, right, we haven't got the little girls



with violins, but at the end the girls will come into the shot and you'll sign autographs for them. I mean, signing autographs is really embarrassing, it's HORRENDOUSLY embarrassing, I just haven't got off on it at all . . ."

Tom moves in, taking advantage of Graeme's biro-fear: "We had this huyge argument and the director said, you are just a new band and you have lost touch with your fans. And he said, you can shake the hand of Gorbachev but you cannot shake the hand of Bono! And I just want to say that I shook the hand of Bono . . . to see if I could do it. It made me think, you know?"

Thought is not Mr Popular in the world of pop. Where, gentle reader, do you put Wet Wet Wet? If you are some sort of indie jangle fool, you probably see them as devilspawn cronies of Swing Out Sister and Curiosity Killed The Cat, issuing from Phonogram like Beelzebub departing Hell to wreak havoc in the world of "real" music. You'd be wrong, but you wouldn't be lonely.

"We do get lumped in with Swing Out Sister and Johnny Hates Jazz and that," says a reasonable Tom, "and it annoys us, but it's something we have to put up with. We'd rather get lumped in with the better songwriting bands like Teh Christians and Black, who we meet and we find very similar to us."

"I think they thought we were complete imbeciles," explains Graeme, "but we sat down

and we were talking about what we liked. And we'd been on *APB* talking about our record collections, and they were saying you really shocked us. And that's what you've got to do, you've got to continually shock people. Because when you get on the charts you don't get respect. You're just thought of as a pop band who are prostituting everything, like the Madonna is supposed to have slept with everyone to get to the top. And we haven't."

He pauses. He is going to mention Stock, Aitken and Waterman.

"We used Stock, Aitken and Waterman for a 12" ," he begins, and Tom says cryptically, "*haaaa.* Haaa ha."

Graeme goes on. "We got them to do 'Sweet Little Mystery' because we wanted a club hit, and their version would have been a club hit. But it was *crap* and we said no way, because we will not prostitute ourselves. A SAW Wet Wet Wet mix would go a bomb in the clubs, but that's not the point. They changed the chords, they changed the drums, they changed everything but the vocals . . ."

Graeme and Tom have gone a bit pale. So where were we before we were talking about Stock Aitken and Waterman?

"Where would we be without Stock, Aitken and Waterman?" cries Tom.

It seems that "the Wets" have a bit of a thing about producers. Now producers are very important people in pop, and there aren't many about who will get you a definite hit. Wet Wet Wet were given Stephen Hague (Pet Shop Boys; New Order) and couldn't work with him. They were given Michael Baker, who did most of their album, but the got rid of hom in their first single, 'Wishing I Was Lucky'. They — horrors — *produced it themselves*!

It went Top Five. Then came 'Temptation'. They recorded it, hated it, and finally did it themselves again! In Scotland!

"Certain songs you need producers to come up with fresh ideas for you," says a modest Graeme, "But some we can do better, like 'Temptation'."

If asked to define the sound of Wet Wet Wet and what makes them different to any band in the charts, or even most bands out of the charts, I tend to say it's the apparent chaos of their songs. 'Wishing I Was Lucky' sounded like four songs fighting, while 'Angel Eyes' (which is two songs, roughly) is the only ballad I've ever heard that constantly seems about to rip its own head off, and 'Temptation' is a veritable distorting mirror of a single, a special effects monster with a rugby team on backing vocals. And Wet Wet Wet give these songs to unsuspecting producers used to tidy choruses and synth bass, and say: produce that, matey!

"We push ourselves," says Tom proudly, "because there's four of us, our songs have got so many ideas and influences in them. Most chart songs are very simple and direct, but our songs take you higher than anyone else's. And lower than anyone else's. We gave 'Sweet Little Mystery' to one guy and he really f...ed it up because it was so chock-a-block."

Graeme expands. "We used to meet producers and they'd ask you, who do you want to sound like? *Strange* question! We wanna sound like *Wet Wet Wet.* Now we tell 'em we wanna sound like a tin of baked beans, you know what I mean?"

"It's quite easy to feel like a tin of baked beans," smiles Tom, "but — something profound — we're our own tin of baked beans."

57 VARIETIES

And then there's Willie Mitchell. I'm not overly impressed by the incessant claims of various bands to be more "soulful" than various other bands, but I do reckon that major Smartie points are in order for the Wets here. Willie Mitchell isn't just the legendary producer who gave us 'I Can't Stand The Rain' and 'Let's Stay Together', he's also commercial suicide. Not only has the man not had a hit since God knows when, but he hasn't even got a proper studio. He works in two-track or something and he doesn't like synthesisers much. Nevertheless, Wet Wet Wet, at the end of one of their tethers, went to Memphis and recorded with him.

Unsurprisingly, the soulful results were rejected by Phonogram and Wet Wet Wet have got loads of tapes that nobody but them and their mentors The Precious Organisation want released. Also unsurprisingly, Wet Wet Wet are totally vexed.

A vexed Graeme says, "The record company have got the position that they don't want the Memphis stuff released at all. And that would be a tragedy for us, because although it wouldn't be a commercial success, it'd be a personal success. It's very important to us. I mean, it hasn't got synthesisers all over it, it's not like that at all, but look at it for what it is; it's going to Memphis and working with Willie Mitchell and I think people should hear this. Radio stations wouldn't play it, but I go home and listen to it, I think it f...ing great."

INDEPENDENT

It seems that the words of 'Temptation' may or may not be about singing to a major label and having loads of money thrown at you.

I say "may or may not" because Wet Wet Wet like to deny knowing what their songs are about, which is a bit vague if you ask me. However, these people by interpreting their own songs thus, at least reveal an obsession with Da Biz.

They are a very '80s group, young men who almost definitely had a lawyer before they went round Phonogram to play them the tapes. This is all down to The Precious Organisation, and it seems to work like this. The young Wets, teenage Dexys' fans the lot of them, were signed up on the strength of Precious' faith in them, and every A&R man in Britain experienced the cokefree horrors of seeing them play outside London. Not finding a new Boy George, they went home. Then Phonogram were persuaded and gave Wet Wet Wet money. The band stayed in Glasgow and went through producers like a man with 'flu gets through Kleenex. Then two years later — *two years* — they released a record and produced it themselves and it was a huge hit. Simple? No.

Tom: "Every single we've ever released we've had to fight tooth and nail for. Like 'Wishing', the A&R guy said no, it's not good enough. And we said give us a chance, give us enough rope . . . It always comes back to control. And because of that waiting period, we've got a lot of control. There's only a few bands who have had that, like UB40."

THE YOUNG SOUL REBELS (SLIGHT RETURN)

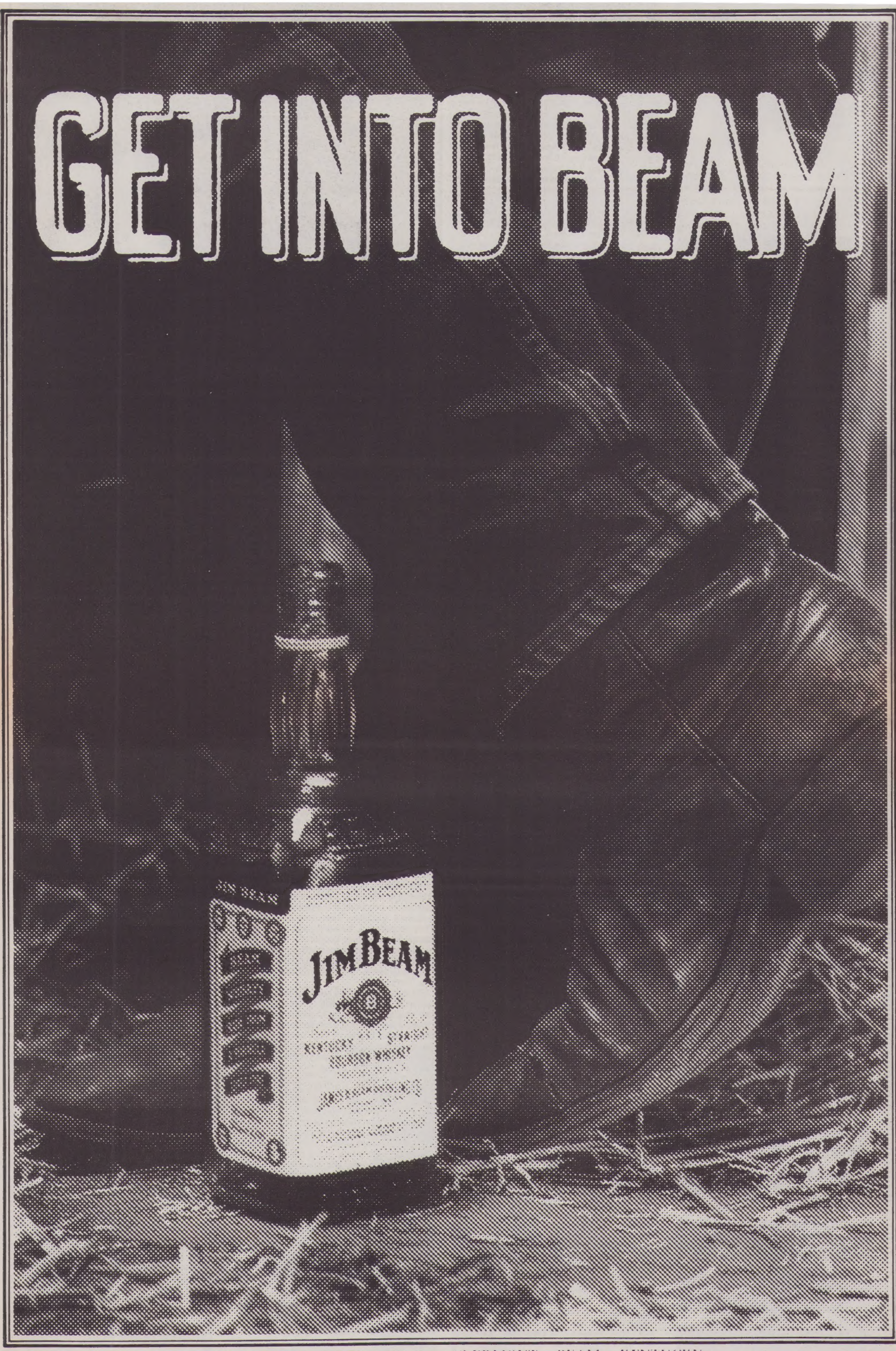
So, Wet Wet Wet. Pop stars, young lads, hated by hip kids, marked as tricky by their record company, and big in a nation's hearts. A little concerned to be taken seriously, but then they have a point. And they're not as po-faced as some, thank God.

"We're the young soul rebels," says Tom dryly, "We formed when that album came out."

"We loved it 'cos he swore on it, didn't he?" ask Graeme.

Wet Wet Wet. They have their reasons.

GET INTO BEAM



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The new indie Green Fez label from Sydney has already made a mark on the Alternate charts. TERRI ROBERT looks at the reasoning behind its existence, and its three main acts.

• Bam Balams

SLIME RANGERS

• Steve Smith

***I* scanned the *Sydney Morning Herald* 'Births' column. What I expected to find there was something like the following: "Proud parents John Needham and Simon Tatz announce the birth of their latest offspring. Green Fez. Young sibling to big brother Citadel. Parents and child both doing well thanks to the assistance of The Bam Balams, Johnny Teen and Stephen Smith."**

But, alas, no listing.

Just six years ago John Needham formed the Citadel label, the first release being his own band, Minute Man with a limited run of just 300. From those humble beginnings the label has introduced a diverse array of talent including the Died Pretty, The Screaming Tribesmen and The Stems both to Australia and the world at large. Now, an average first pressing for a Citadel band can range up to 5,000 units — a far cry from the initial single.

As the label has expanded, more energy has been directed to those bands who can maximise the full capabilities of the label. So John and partner Simon were faced with a problem when it came to bands with limited public profile or first time bands attempting to release their debut record. Simon explains the philosophy behind the formation of Green Fez Records, Citadel's first offspring.

"Citadel had outgrown the smaller bands so we decided to form a new label as an offshoot of Citadel which was designed initially for first-up releases.

"It operates exactly the same as Citadel. The bands actually sign to Citadel Records and get exactly the same deal and treatment — the only difference tht has eventuated is what the physical label on the record looks like."

Simon goes on to cite the Citadel/Green Fez connection being much the same as that of Mushroom/White Label in Melbourne — initially formed as an avenue for small bands but now growing into a label of its own. Evidence of this has already come to light with Green Fez's second release, the Johnny Teen single "She Stinks Of Sex/I Like It Both Ways" being the first ever seven inch record under the Citadel umbrella to enter the mainstream charts. The record debuted at No. 98 on the national charts after selling very well in the Sydney suburban record bars. Part of the record's success can be attributed to Citadel's increased distribution. This year alone they have expanded their outlets by 30% — 10%, taking in suburban charting stores, chainstores and overseas exports — all the better for a young band riding on the crest of the wave with Green Fez.

One thing that Green Fez is trying to promote (which is glaringly lacking in the Citadel catalogue) is a complete diversity of artists on the label. Rather than sticking with a particular sound, the label is going out of its way to give musicians and bands of all styles of contemporary music a fair go. The first three releases lay testimony to this:

FEZ 001 — The Bam Balams "Surfin' In The Swamp" is a psychedelic sixties beach movie romp.

FEZ 002 — Johnny Teen's "She Stinks Of Sex" is loud, brash and uncontrollable tongue and cheek trash.

FEZ 003 — Stephen Smith's "Don't You Wish" turns the tide for some simple, effective and heartfelt intelligent pop.

Three distinctive styles from three totally different bands, all with the same strength of commitment by the one label.

"What we found with Citadel", says Simon, "is that people kept on associating us with the Lime Spiders, Died Pretty, Trilobites, Screaming Tribesmen, New Christs. . . that sort of guitar Detroit sound which is the label everyone puts on it. There were a lot of demo tapes that we thought were very good but were just not going to sell on the Citadel label because people would immediately associate them with those bands. So Green Fez is also an avenue to release records that we were previously restricted from releasing. Green Fez just gives you that much more freedom."

As an added incentive for the record buying public to discover for themselves just what Green Fez has to offer, the first run of the initial three releases have been pressed on beautiful sickly tacky GREEN vinyl — becoming almost instant collectors items. There are continued plans that all future seven inch releases on the Green Fez label will follow suit with the first 500 copies of every single looking like a crystallised version of green slime.

Simon reveals that Citadel are deleting 90% of their seven inch releases, opting in the future to release only albums and 12" EPs while Green Fez will take up the slack, operating primarily as a seven inch label. Immediate future releases include Naked Lunch, The Plunderers and The Whippersnappers.

So that's the new label, now let's have a look at some of the bands that give Green Fez its special appeal. . . .

THE BAM BALAMS

The Bam Balams have been gigging and releasing records for quite some time, the axis of which has been vocalist/guitarist Brendan Kibble. The first signed to Citadel in early 1986 releasing their debut single "Deliver My Love". Making considerable waves on the independent charts and likewise in the live arena, this record was followed up by another single "No-One Else".

At that time The Bam Balams were one of the first bands to introduce the cow-punk rockabilly guitar sound to Australian audiences — following their example were the likes of Cattletruck and The Bamboos. They had enough energy an dow-home enthusiasm to win them fans from urban cowboys to real down-on-the-farm country folk. But then, all of a sudden, things came to a halt. Brendan, the only surviving member of the original Bam Balams, goes through the gruesome details.

"We had planned to do a mini album after the second single but a few things happened and we had to start from the ground up all over again.

"The other three guys had different ideas to me and so went off and did their own thing — they're called The Hexbreakers now. It's turned out good because once there was just The Bam Balams and now there is two bands. Their stuff is nothing like The Bamba's but it's really good. I like it and I'm really happy for them."

When this upheaval took place — on the way back from a tour of Melbourne with The Lime Spiders — Brendan took a break with time to regroup and consider the future of his now defunct band.

What he cme up with was "Surfin' In The Swamp" and a backing band utilised primarily for the recording of the disc. In a complete about-face in direction, this latest Green Fez single has the new improved Bam Balams sounding like they've just stepped out of a Frankie Avalon movie with heavy emphasis on that sixties sounding organ. Pretty weird huh?

"Surfin' In The Swamp" was just a bit of fun — really tongue in cheek. The B-side is like a country pop song because we didn't want to confuse people. However there are a lot of songs in our set that lean to that swampt feel. When people talk about Swamp, they think about The Scientists or The Cramps — but real Swamp goes back to rockabilly in the 50s. Then Creedence came along and everyone was confused."

Bam Balam also consist of Amr Abdulla on bass, Ian "The Reverend' Little - ex Grooveyard — on guitar, and Chris Castley on drums.

JOHNNY TEEN

Johny Teen is a cult hero, a superstar a sex symbol and a legend in his own time — just ask him, he's sure to agree.

He looks like an underfed blonde Rastafarian (except he's not black) and talks like John Justin. He has no time for anything else but himself and his cause — that of to bring life and meaning into the realms of the world of pop music (and to make mega amounts of money, score copious quantities of illicit substances and have harems of devoted females eagerly awaiting his every beck and call).

He has everything a cult figure of his standing should ever desire (or so he says). Charm, charisma, talent, good looks, intelligence and most important of all — creative artistic integrity.

However, somewhere down the line Johnny Teen becomes unstuck — his silicon genital implant won't help him here. There is a man by the name of Steven — who's alter ego just happens to be Acid Baloney, lead guitarist for Johnny's band The Broken Hearts — who has another opinion of Johnny Teen.

"It's all a wank. It doesn't mean anything. We just do this for fun — that's all. What really gets me are all these bands who reckon they are so serious about their music and they rave on about the hidden meaning in their lyrics. They are complete Goobers! I hate them — Hate!, Hate!, HATE ! "

Strong words from someone who is supposed to be in cahoots with one of the world's most celebrated frontmen. But Seven can afford to say things like that. His band have already tricked the public into believing they have something worthwhile to offer: they've sold mega units of their debut single on Green Fez "She Stinks Of Sex/I Like It Both Ways" are being booked by venues all over the world and are drawing crowds like flies to a cowpad.

They have a magnetic quality that sets off a chain reaction resulting in punters raving about their dynamic stage presence and majestic shows for days afterwards. "Their music pulsates and scorches it's way into your brain", says the press release with such gush it's a wonder it doesn't throw up all over itself. How long the band and its irreverant frontman can keep up this facade depends entirely on the discretion of the record buying and gig going discerning public. Who knows, Johnny Teen might just give Green Fez their first gold record.

STEPHEN SMITH

Stephen Smith, the last of the debut Green Fez trio, is almost the complete opposite of Johnny Teen. Where Johnny is arrogant, Stephen is humble, where Johnny's music is harsh and affronting, Stephen is accessible and unobtrusive. Once again Green Fez shows its colors in being unbiased and open minded.

Stephen comes from a long line of cover bands. As a frustrated songwriter, trying to get his original material heard, was almost an impossibility. So, in order to pay the rent and keep him from starving, Stephen reverted to the worst of the seven deadly sins — ripping off other people's songs for fun and profit. Not something to be terribly proud of, hey Steve?

"Covers bands just drive me insane — just doing the same horrible songs all the time. Just to get people along to the shows we keep telling people we were breaking up — we did four 'last gigs'. After that people didn't believe us."

Out of that horrible rut has come some good. Stephen gained a lot of experience at playing to audiences and has improved his playing ability for the time when his solo career would eventually come to fruition. Darryl Mather from Dom Mariani's (Stems) Some Loves heard a tape of Stephen's original material and gave it to Green Fez, who in turn, released it immediately. Instead of forming a band, Stephen decided to put the single out under his own name and used guest musicians as backing. After putting the word out, he came up with a pretty impressive line-up, including Archie La Rizza from The Saints. So why not get a permanent band together?

"I wanted to get a band together but I couldn't get who I wanted to play in it. The people I wanted were all doing things and I thought if I put a single out and it does well then it will be easier to get a better standard of musician to play with hopefully."

Stephen's music is refreshing catchy Pop with a capitol-P. It ebbs and flows with ease, demanding nothing from the listener but an open mind and a sympathetic ear. It's the sort of stuff you can play to your mother without fear of being kicked out of the house. Although he has no plans at this stage to go barging back into the studio immediately, we should be seeing more of Stephen Smith as soon as he obtains a stable line-up.

George Michael:

"I have a strange feeling I'll die young!"

Even staying out of England for a year wasn't going to save George Michael from being the victim of the nasty slurs and innuendos of the British dailies! He hasn't spoken to them four years, yet somehow they continually get angles.

George Michael told to tone down his act in Japan because the authorities were scared it'd cause an AIDS epidemic!

George Michael turns down offer to tour Russia because it'll affect his suntan!

George Michael pukes on girlfriend outside London nightclub!

George Michael miserable on tour, wants to quit music!

Even as Michael and his entourage flew into Rotterdam for a concert, the latest stories were beginning to filter through from Australia. The biggest was that he'd been indulging in coke orgies during his stay in Sydney.

Once again, when he held a press conference, you winced and felt sorry for him when they put him through the grinder . . . again.

Q: George, have you or have you not had an AIDS test?"

A: (with weary smile): "I've answered that one before. I haven't, no."

You could already tell next morning's headlines:

MY FEAR OF AIDS, by George Michael
SEX IS OUT, says popstar George

★ ★ ★

George Michael's solo career has taken a turn for the better. His *Faith* album garnered him a respect that he did not have wide-eyed boppy days of Wham! Much of the reviews of the *Faith* album were like that of America's *Rolling Stone* which stated "Michael has made a brilliant solo debut, and no one's laughing any more."

George himself isn't surprise by the turnaround by the critic. SEated in his Hilton hotel suite hours before the show, dressed in black T-shirt and dinner jacket, he says that one of the reasons why he broke up Wham! was that he knew he'd never get any respect as a musician otherwise.

"Simply, Wham! didn't have a credible image, and people would always put us down for it. I was hoping that people would see *past* the image and look closely at the music, but they didn't.

Once I distanced myself from Andrew and that whole Wham! thing, then the clouds cleared up. I guess I wasn't surprised at how the critics changed . . . at the same time I'm still very pleased."

is it true that he hates touring?

"Touring provides the best and worst parts of my life. it can be fun because you're surrounded by some good friends, and there's nothing better than stading in front of thousands of people performing your own songs. Next to sex, there is no other greater high.

"On the other hand, there is a lot of boring bits, and I despise those. You're in a fishbowl 24 hours of the day, virtually, and a lot of the time is spent just sitting around waiting- . . . waiting for the concert to start, waiting for the tour manager to come to your room and drive you to the show, you know, just waiting.

'So, yeah, depending on what mood I'm in at the time I'm asked the question, I either say 'I love touring' or 'I hate touring'. The bottom line is that I love the *Faith* album, and to do it justice, I need to go out on the road and tell everyone 'here's my new album, please listen to it'."

One thing about George is that he has his priorities. he knows his goals, and he's willing to work hard for them. he goes through exercises for four hours a week, and puts in a tough two-hour show which had the audiences drooling.

In five years, he says, he's going to change his career but he doesn't know what do do.

One of the reasons why he wants to jam pack everything into his life, he says, is that he doesn't think he'll live long.

"It's the strangest feeling, and I'm not sure *why* I think it. It's not that there is any history of illnesses in my family, or anything like that, but I have this instinct. Maybe it's something within me that keeps saying 'don't grow old' so I say I'd rather die than grow old.

"I've got a thing about predicting the future. In the past, I've said to myself 'you'll be doing this in 18 months or two years' and it's almost frightening the way it's come true. I've been able to see the road ahead a bit clearer than most other people.

"I mean, I don't *want* to die, and I'm not petrified of growing old. I haven't got a death wish. It's just an instinct I have. I just hope I'm wrong, of course."

Maybe it's fear that celebs always have of the public?

"I never go out without a bodyguard. But fear of cranks won't stop me from going out clubbing. What it means is that I don't drink as much as I used to. Now that could be a good thing (laughs)".

Would he ever encourage his fans NOT to take drugs?

"No, but I'd stop people from trying to encourage them TO take drinks. I think what you do is a very personal decision. The effects are different for different people.

"I'm just stunned by how much heroin is taking over London. It used to be a middle class drug, now a lot of working class teenagers are into it, which is frightening. What's also sad is the nightclub people of the early '80s, the New Romantics, who're now in their late '20s, very bored with life, very bored with getting late '20s, very bored with life, very bored with getting drunk, and quite ready to experiment with other stimulants."

Just what will George Michael do in five years? By then he'd have become a full-scale solo star. What next? Acting?

"That's always on the cards. I've got some interesting offers right now, but I've turned them down because for the time being I want to devote myself to recording and doing this tour. I was going to take up acting lessons this year but didn't have the time."

Form another band?

"Hmmm, I don't think so. I'm a person who likes to work on his own. But I'll need to find something. I'd find it hard to exist if I can't find a way to express myself."

One of the reasons why he doesn't want to step into films yet, he explains, is that with Wham! he was submerged by Image. Then he went solo and is currently working on having his Music accepted. If he goes into acting at this stage, people will start looking at The Image again and not at the Music.

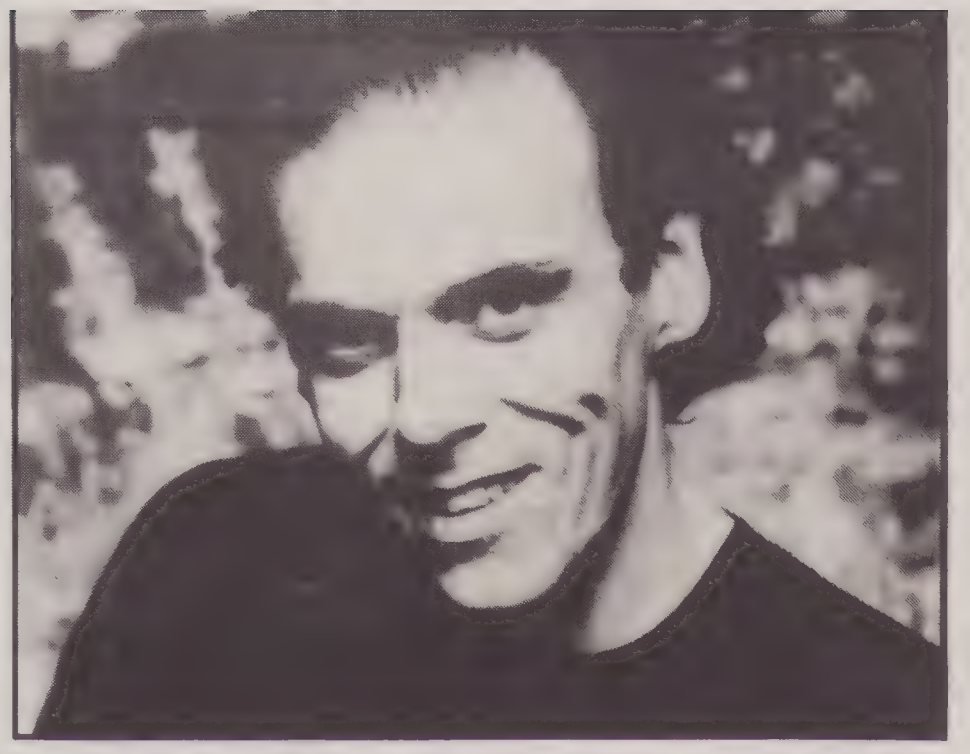
"My image has never been me trying to be somebody or something else, it's just been me. I was always popular at school because I was funny and liked to get about having fun, and that's what I'm doing now.

"I met Michael Jackson and I was struck by how normal he looks. Yet someone keeps trying to work up that whole image, the facelift, when ultimately it's sad because people will end up remembering him as the buy who had the facelifts, and not for any of his songs."

By
Jillian Hughes
in
Rotterdam

HIATTS AND LOWS

It hasn't been all smooth sailing for JOHN HIATT over the last few years. . . in fact, it's been quite the opposite. Dropped by his label, widowed by his estranged wife (who suicided), and fighting a constant battle against drugs and alcohol, Hiatt has made it through another LP. . .



These last few years in the life of John Hiatt would make the juiciest series of scripts for a soap opera. His estranged wife killed herself, he was fighting a long and hard battle against drink and drugs, and he was dropped by his record company.

The man himself wrote one song about his various crises and that was it. Rather than recount his diary throughout an entire album, he crammed as much as he could into 'Alone in The Dark' — *"a still life study of a drunken ass".*

It's one of the many highpoints on his eighth album *Bring The Family'*, undoubtedly the best yet, and far superior to the most recent work of his contemporaries, Springsteen included.

Hiatt could have taken one of two paths to get over his troubles. Either pouring his heart out in an introverted, self-centred collection or simply getting on with his career in general, using his new album as a kind of therapy. He feels he's done the latter.

"There's some stuff referring to the recent past lyin' around, but I didn't really feel it was stuff that should go on record. I'm sure my problems are more than some folks and less than lot of others. Rather than mope around and depress the shit out of everyone I decided to write my way out of that stuff. Those things happened and that's it."

Best known over here for his 1985 duet with Elvis Costello, 'Livin' A Little, Laughin' A Little', Hiatt has been keeping the craft of songwriting alive (not single-handedly, mind) for 15 years. His grasp of melody and experimentation with lyrics echoes the most astute work of Elvis Costello or Bob Dylan.

In fact, Hiatt is stunned when I inform him that the Zim has released one of his songs, 'The Usual', as a single — his first cover 45 in this country.

Oh, come on, has he really? When? Just now? *Wow!"*

The song, originally recorded by Hiatt on his LP *Warming Up To The Ice Age* is perhaps one of the few things to come out of *Hearts Of Fire* that Dylan can be proud of.

"I knew he'd cut it and that it was on the soundtrack, but I never thought he'd put it out as a *45!*. His version is really good, beter than mine."

Hiatt's only previous connection with Dylan was a brief backstage meeting seven years ago when he was second guitarist to Ry Cooder, and it's obvious he feels humbled by one of his heroes wanting to record his songs.

"It's funny, I was asked to write some stuff for the movie and I spoke to Dylan on the phone. But I was gushing like some teenage girl, hands shakin', the whole bit. He must have thought I was a complete asshole.

"He said he wanted somethin' with a riff, so I started thinkin' 'riff' and before! know it I'm walkin' round and all I'm doing' is writin' *Bob Dylan* songs.

"There I was doin' my best Dylan impressions and y'know, it's not hard, but it's not exactly what the guy wants. I realise that half way through and think, 'shit, Bob Dylan can write a Bob Dylan song better than I can'. So I just gave him one of my old ones."

Precisely. He wanted a John Hiatt song in the first place, not another Bob Dylan song.

Hiatt's profile in 1987 is higher than at any time since his debut album in 1973. Hiatt's record 'Memphis in The Meantime', hit Number One of the US country chart and the aforementioned *Bring The Family* LP, out here on Demon, has not received a single thumbs-down from the world's press.

The album, recorded in just four days and featuring Hiatt, Ry Cooder (guitar), Nick Lowe (bass) and Jim Keltner (bas), mixes blues, cajun, country, soul and straight-forward pop. Should ever there be a college course on how to make the perfect LP, *Bring The Family* would be required listening.

However, had Demon not picked up on Hiatt, the LP might never have been made. After being dropped by Geffen in 1985, he was ready to call it a day.

It was a familiar story, having previously been ditched by Epic and MCA. There's no such thing as an overnight sensation, but 15 years without the slightest sniff of a hit is enough to make anyone despair. Was Hiatt surprised to be given a *fourth* bit of the cherry?

"Absolutely, are you jokin,? I was *stunned.* When Geffen dropped me I thought my time was up. I've maintained for years that when there are no more people dumb enough to let me make records, I would knock it on the head. Demon came along and saved me, and then A&M picked up on it for the States. They've been great and are really pushing the album. There's been three singles off it in America, they've all stiffed, but at lest they've there."

Hiatt's private life is much more positive as well. He has remarried, having met his new wife when they were both checked in to the same drying-out clinic (soap-opera, or what?) and they have set up home in Nashvile.

The only difficulty at home is writing. Hiatt would love to work with other writers like Dylan or Ashford & Simpson ("I'd be terrified to be in the same room with them, I would just nod like an idiot when they had an idea"), but he finds it hard enough to concentrate on his own.

"I have to hire an office and discipline myself to go there every day when I'm back in the States. I can't write at home, there are too many distractions."

A revived care, a new wife and ready-made family. John Hiatt is healthy and happy. The man sitting opposite me is charming, entertaining and one of the most talented people I've had the pleasure to meet. I could grill him about the bad old days, but what the hell. He doesn't atempt to gloss over the past, he is willing to talk if pressed, but we both feel it unnecessary.

"Suffice to say my life now is much more sane and I'm really happy.

"You make your own bed and you lie in it. I was a messy sleeper for a long time and it could have killed me."

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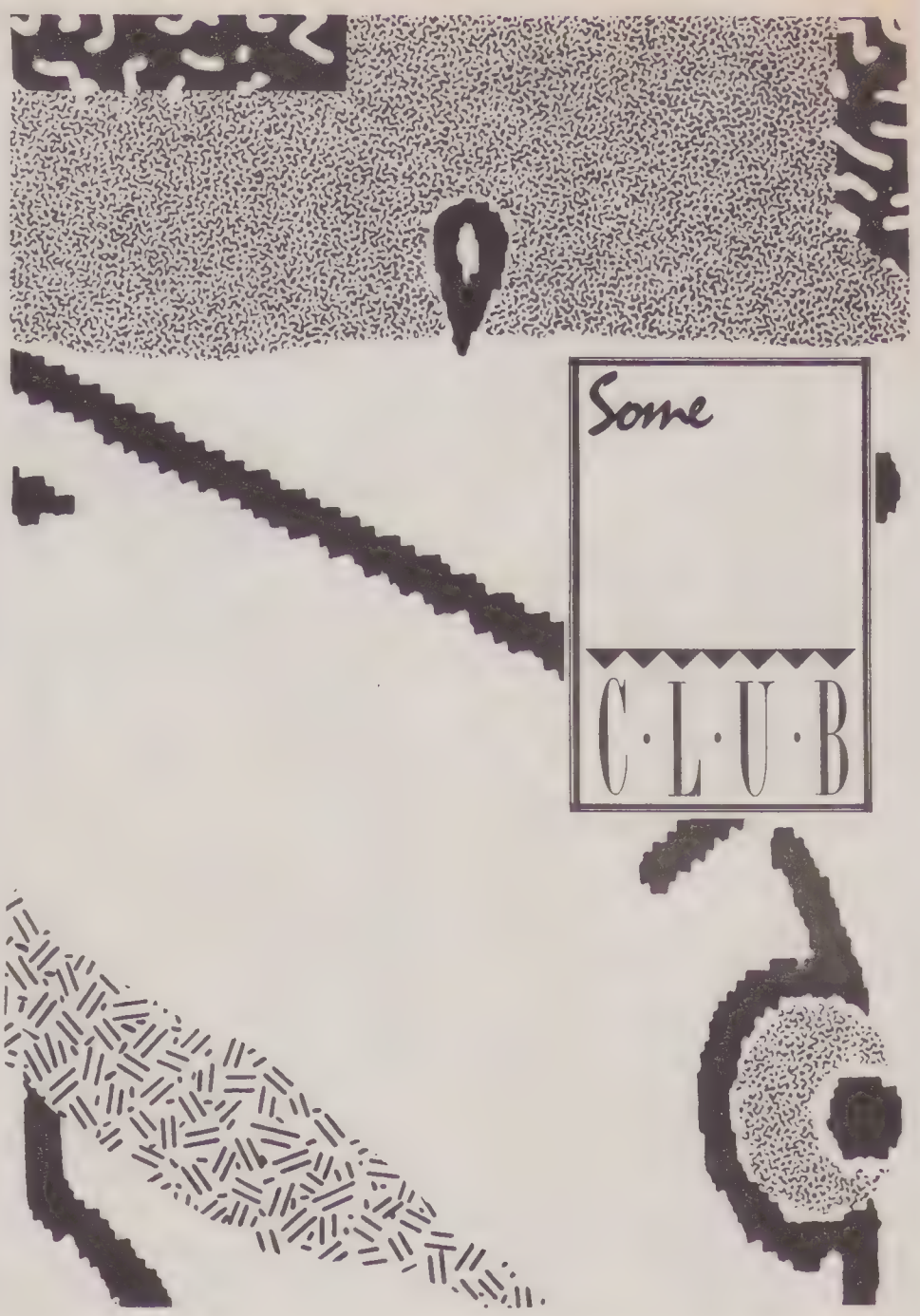
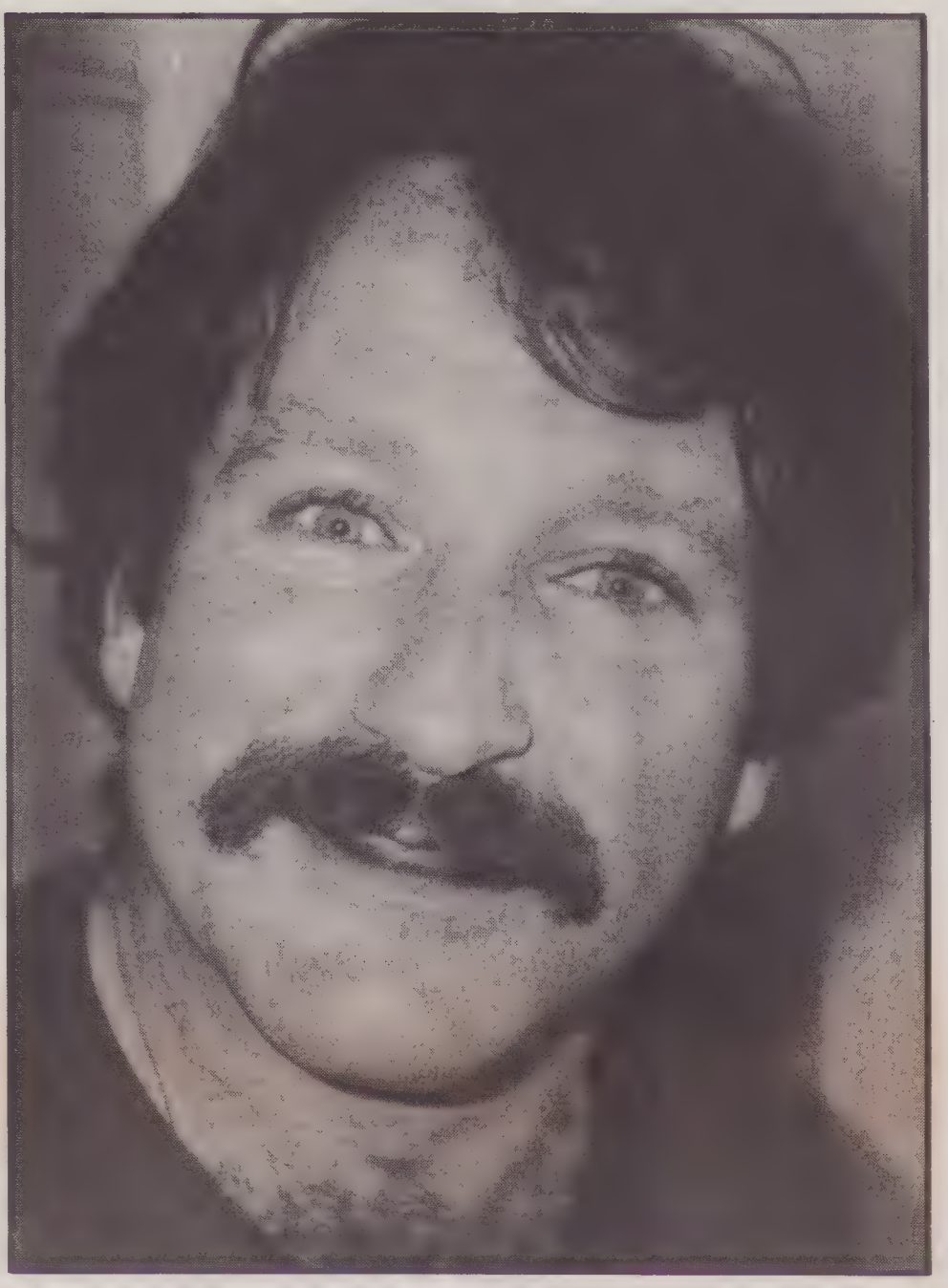


The world according to: ROBIN

ANITA WINSLOW winds-up America's most eccentric and animated comedian . . .

• *Good Morning Vietnam*



Slowly, bit by bit, Robin Williams was sinking down the ladder. Bad choices of movies, really. Mediocrities like *Club Paradise* and *Popeye* had been glaring failures, and slowly Williams was drifting down.

By comparision, Eddie Murphy kept making shrewd killer choices and slowly consolidated himself as America's top comedian.

Williams, though, doesn't begrudge Murphy his success in the least.

"The difference between Eddie and me is that he's totally happy with his character, and the movies he picks are totally suited to him.

"Whereas for me, I've got a stubborn streak. I like to think that I can tackle something that is totally opposite to what people expect from me. That appeals to me.

"Unfortunately, it hasn't always worked. So I keep slipping up and down.

"Eddie's the king of the heap, followed by Steve (Martin) and Bill (Murray). Then on the second league are John Candy, Tom Hanks and myself. The second league is where you have to take the punts — but you've got to take the *right* punts."

In his case, his right punt was *Good Morning Vietnam*. Williams remembers reading the script, about DJ Adrian Cronauer who broadcast in Vietnam during 1985 and whose callsign was "Good Morning Vietnam". In real life Cronauer had not been the madcap that Williams portrayed him in the movie. But Robin realised that doing a movie about a DJ would allow him to improvise — something that he is very clever at.

The punt was easily a successful one.

Good Morning Vietnam was an instant smash in the States, bringing in $145 million in its first four months. The movie's been equally successful in Australia. Already in its first month of release, Robin Williams found himself such a hero again in youth circles that three Australian rock magazines (including this one) put him on the cover.

It's also revitalised his career. He was nominated for an Oscar, and has made him a viable film star again. He and *Vietnam'* director Barry Levinson intend to work together again later this year on a movie tentatively titled *toys* about the American toy industry.

After that, he and Steve Martin will do a theatre production in New York in Samual Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*.

Ask Williams why he tackled *Good Morning Vietnam* and he'll tick off the stock reasons:

• doing a comedy about a subject as emotional and unfunny as the Vietnam War which, in its time, brought ordinary Australians and Americans out in their thousands to the streets to protest about

• doing a movie about the war in its early stages (at a time when most Australian and American people still believed it was a "good" war)

• the chance to combine his two loves — comedy and drama — in film. He'd previously kept the two separate.

"But basically, I wanted a career again" he quips with the widest of smiles.

In Hollywood, Williams explains, you are allowed three flops. After that, you're on the outer, in Has Been City.

For Williams, it was a time for crisis because he'd already made three flops. But the third one had been so disasterous that people didn't even realise it'd been made!

There was his 1980 film debut *Popeye* in which the Walt Disney studios spent $20 million taking the well known cartoon character into film — and delivered a giant flop. Williams harbours no great love for it and says his greatest memory of it is standing at the film premiere and realising from the bored audience reaction it was going to be a giant flop . . . and trying to quietly slip out of the theatre and falling over a promotional 50-foot can of spinach which the studio executives had left in the theatre lobby.

Then came *The Survivors* in 1983 which tried very hard to be clever but overdosed in its own irony and 1986's disasterous *Club Paradise*.

It's to his credit, that the ones that worked — like *Garp* and *Moscow On The Hudston* — had the critics drooling. They never attacked his talents, just the films he chose.

One critic summed him up beautifully as one whose career was "being confined, like a Porsche idling, or a Lamborghini using only first gear on the freeway".

★ ★ ★

What's the weather like out there? It's hot, damn hot. It's so hot I saw this little guy on the road burst into flames"

"President Johnson, why did you name your daughter Lynda Bird? Because Lynda Dog would be too cruel."

"Da Nang Me, Da Nang Me, they got to get a rope and hang me . . . "

"I just can't find any body called Charlie. But there are all these Vietnamese people called Nhut."

★ ★ ★

The fact that 1965 is the year of *Good Morning Vietnam* is very important: it gives the film a certain amount of depth and tension.

Surrounding this madcap DJ was the setting up of barbed wires and laying of minefields. The US was settling in for a long war. Back home, people were still to wake up to what terrible things the US government and Army was going to do to Vietnamese civilians, in the name of "democracy". People were still believing what the politicians were telling them on evening TV news.

But the mid-60s was also a time for great social changes. When Adrian Cronauer took over the armed forces' radio station in Saigon, the first thing he did was to get rid of all the Percy Faith and Mantovani MOR stuff and bring in the Rolling Stones and Beach Boys. That was startling enough for the Army top brass.

"As a person, the real Cronauer was a pretty straight guy" Williams admits. "He did start to play rock and roll, and he did have all these characters to make all these routine army announcements and he did yell out "Good Morning Vietnam" and all that.

"But for all purposes, he was a straight army guy. He wanted to get his job done but he played by the rules. Once he saw the army bomb Saigon, and he wanted to report it. But they brought the order down — kill that story. So he never broadcast it.

"He wasn't outrageous, he wasn't ready to buck the system like Hawkeye Pierce in *MASH*. He accepted that order. He didn't want to bring on a court martial in the name of journalism ethics."

But *Good Morning Vietnam* captures, for the first time, an outsider realising the dishonesty of the situation. That all the propoganda about the Vietnamese being marauding hordes was PR by the army. When there was an uneasiness about just what the Americans (and the Australians) were doing there . . .

"I think the one argument I had with Barry was in that one line *'we're here to help these people'*. Cronauer sent up the army but he was still loyal to it, he still believed they were there to fight the good fight.

"I told Barry that it was not a line that I could say without choking, but he insisted and insisted. Now I realise that it was important for that line to be there. When you're up to your ass in madness, then some way you fight to try and justify it, try to rationalise the stupidity and absurdity of it all."

Where had he been in 1965? Did he remember anything about the Vietnam war when it actually happened?

"No, it was something fairy tale and distant. You watched the news on TV and then you watched *Batman*. They were both as colourful and exciting, you didn't make out any difference."

Had he spoken to any Vets since making the movie?

"I think the people who fought through the whole thing cling to movies like *Platoon*, because it's their security blanket, it proved to the folks back home just what they went through. The more outrageous and absurd the movie, like *Apocalypse Now*, the more they say was the reality of the war.

"There was nothing *Rambo* about it at all, and I don't think anyone who went through that would seriously consider it. Time and time again, you get Viet vets that say they wanna strangle the neck of kids who go to see *Rambo* and clap the violence, that so-called he-man stuff. They wanna shake their heads and say 'shit, it wasn't anything like that, you spotty little motherf--rs."

"You see, Robin has a tremendously inquiring mind. He was a street performer back in New York, so he knows how to look into peoples' lives but he's got a number of other outside interests.

"He roller-skates, has a very serious concern about enviromental issues, has a deep and abiding interest in the theatre and gets a kick out of spots cars. Everything he does for fun seems to end up in his act somehow, because he's a *fantastic* observer."

Lorenzo Matawaran is a San Francisco comic who first met Robin in 1974. In those days the only place for a young hopeful to cut his teeth was at the Intersection, in the basement of an old church. He remembers Robin getting up and blowing everybody away- . . . but still meek enough to ask, in a quiet voice after his act "did I go over?"

A whole lot of young comics hung out together, trying to get their big break. They made a vow that if any of them made it, he would help the others.

According to Matawaran, Robin's kept his promise "a hundred percent". Despite his star status they still talk of his true talent and good nature.

While people like Steve Martin see films as a way of moving out of standup comedy, Williams promises he'll never give it up.

He says the biggest thrill is to get up in front of 3,000 people and make them laugh. He likens it to group sex "when it works".

He still performs unannounced and unpaid at comedy spots. Ten years ago, San Francisco had places like The Comedy Store and Boarding House. Those places have long gone, replaced by similar venues with different names, like Open Cafe, The Holy City Zoo and The Impro.

That's immaterial to Williams: all that matters is that such places give him an audience hip enough to give him free rein, allow him to unlock his wild imagination and let the characters scamper around the stage.

"Prepare yourself for great art", (blows his nose into his hand). *"I'd like to start out with something I'm really proud of* (reaches for his fly).

"Are there any Hells Angels in the audience? (pause) *No? Those big leather dumbfks!"*

We hear about a lonely old man who gives pigeons methadone so they'll come back for more every day, about the male lesbian who admits "I feel like a man trapped inside a man's body".

There is an "interview" with someone who lived through World War III — "all 45 seconds of it" — and who remembers the President coming on TV to announce war by saying "you're all on your own, now, bye bye".

He scampers into the audience, going to tables and switching drinks.

"It's a little game we like to call San Francisco roulette".

Williams originally clung on to standup comedy so he could be "different" from Mork. He still does it to give his art its freedom. These days he says he does it to release the energy within his body. His life is very tense, he says, and taking that frenzy onto the stage and turning it into comedy is a cleansing process for him.

(He and his girlfriend/assistant Marsha Garces hit the town together, checking out the

WILLIAMS

clubs. Williams remains in disguise and wallows in going on unannounced, and then having the audience turn on when recognition sets in).

Williams is 36 years old this year. He was born in a white comfortable suburb of Detroit. Childhood was boring, heavily centred around studies. His father was a vice-president of the Ford Motor Company.

Robin has two half brothers, but they are thirteen and twenty two years older than he, and childhood was basically a lonely experience for him. He spent a lot of time in his bedroom, arranging toy soldiers to battle on his bed. Each soldier would be given a voice and character of its own.

It wasn't until five years ago, that Williams and his father became friends. "I kept my distance out of respect". Last year his father died, aged 81, from cancer. Robin and his two half brothers scattered his ashes together.

"It brought us together for the first time as a family. It was very symbolic, in a lot of ways."

In Robin's mid teens, the family moved from Detroit to Tiburon, in California, an exclusive suburb of San Francisco. At the time San Francisco was going through its heady Summer Of Love, and young Robin would get up in front of the class entertaining his stoned classmates with routines. At the time, he wanted to make a career in political science.

He went to college, but ultimately drifted off to Los Angeles and began to do his "full tilt bozo" act in showcase clubs, often under the name Robin McLaurim Williams. He did stints on TV in *The Richard Pryor Show* and the short-lived *Laugh In*.

He was also attending improvisational comedy workshop run by actor Harvey Lembeck. It was here he was noticed by Larry Brezner, who is now his manager and what at that time was looking after top comedians like Martin Mull, Woody Allen and Robert Klein.

Brezner remembers going to one of the workshops where Lembeck would throw out a situation to his students, and the students would try and make a skit out of it.

Immediately Robin Williams stood out to him.

"I watched this one kid get up, and no matter what situation was thrown at him, he never got lost. In an improv, right before the blackout, you've either won or lost: you either hit the big line or it lays there.

"I watched two hours of this kid never losing, reacting off the top of his head, working off nerve impulses — not intellect at all. Incredible. He wasn't much different onstage then; the attitudes were the same . . a guy walking around with all his nerve endings completely exposed."

Some months later, Garry Marshall, executive producer of *Happy Days* (then at its peak) was sitting down to watch the TV series with his nine year old son.

The boy had just come back from watching *Star Wars* at the pictures, and still wide-eyed about it.

"Dad, why don't you do a series where this space age person comes and lands in Fonzie's house?"

Marshall thought enough of the idea to devise such a script. The space alien would go under the name Mork.

When Robin arrived for the audition, a studio exec told him pleasantly to "sit down".

He promptly sat on his head.

He got the role. As the exec would later explain "he was the only Martian who applied".

The audience response to Mork was so huge that immediately TV execs thought of the *Mork & Mindy* series. It became the hit series of 1978, and watched by 57 million viewers.

It brought Robin Williams to Australian households.

These days he looks back on the show and says "it was like going from 0 to 100 in two seconds. It was crazy!"

At the show's peak, Williams was making $30,000 per show. *Na-noo na-noo* and *shazbot* had entered teenage slang. The pressure of fame was telling. He married a dance teacher called Valerie Velardi.

The show was taped in front of a live audience, and in between breaks Robin would get into his fast-flash crazy patter. Even during shooting, he'd throw in a couple of naughty lines (usually said in Jewish, so no one would cotton on) spontaneously.

But today, the show's producer Bruce Johnson wearily denies that 99% of *Mork & MIndy* was improvised as the cameras rolled. He says that's a "myth" that Williams' managers put out. He says that improvised material amounted to less than 5%.

"You can't improvise because the cameras have to hit their mark. During the week Robin would come up with an alternate line or a piece of stage business. But it was all planned down to the last comma and period. Sometimes Robin would do his crazy shit for the audience but we edited it out if it happened while the cameras were rolling."

By the early '80s, the pressures of fame and the intensity of his psyche had taken their toll. Continued studio interference and the novelty wear-out of *Mork & Mindy* had seen ratings plunged. *Popeye* which should have marked his triumphant entry into films was a $20 million flop.

Williams along with the other West Coast beautiful people went on a coke binge. The drug stimulates some people. It inhibited Williams, made him paranoid and more erratic than he already was. The amount of women who threw themselves at him didn't help his behaviour either, and his on-off marriage finally collapsed last year, with five year old Zach alternating between his two parents.

As is well-publicised, it took the death of John Belushi to make him stop. In Williams' case, things were closer to the bone because he'd actually visited Belushi on the night he overdosed (March 5, 1982) at the Chateau Marmont.

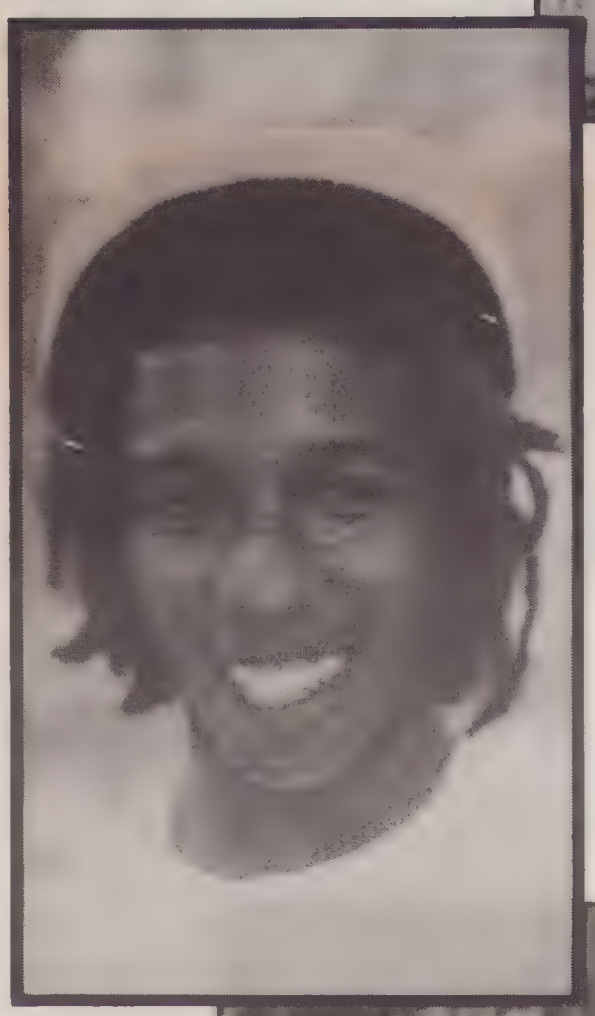
"It was a set-up, someone was going for a big one, a big bust, Belushi, Williams, (Robert) De Niro, it would have been a good one. I was at the Roxy, and some guy told me that John was looking for me, so I went on over, and he wasn't looking for me at all. He didn't want me to stay, even, it was obvious he had a lot of things on his mind. We had a line of coke, and then I split.

"The fact that I didn't hang around meant that someone's plans didn't fall into place.

"But his death sobered me up, it sobered everybody up, it ws the end of a chapter for people like Chevy (Chase) and Dan (Aykroyd) the drug thing was over for that generation. See, all of a sudden, this expensive drug is given to you, because people like the glamour of being known as the guy who got Belushi wired up, it gives them a new status. You don't think about the cost, you just think about the high. You think about the cost long after you pass the danger sign."

(MORE) RASTAMAN VIBRATIONS

• checking out a London street named after Bob



Since Bob Marley's death, reggae has waited in vain for a new leader. The onus has fallen on his son ZIGGY MARLEY who with his brothers and sisters makes up The Melody Makers.

Is Ziggy the Julian Lennon of reggae or its bright hope?

DANNY KELLY travelled to sunny Kingston to find out

• a good soccer player, like his father

Once again the ritual begins. In an area of downtown Kingston where you only stop if the traffic lights are against you, the damn things turn red and our conspicuously white hire car (containing me, a photographer and, at the wheel, a Virgin Records PR) slides reluctantly to a halt. Immediately each window is filled with a black face, eyes aglow, cartoon-style, with the dollar sign.

"Wanna buy a pineapple, man? Only one Dollah."

Erm, no, not today thanks.

"Well gi' me Five Dollah anyway . . . "

The lights change and we pull away, but business goes on as usual. A guy on a bike pulls alongside.

"Hey! Joe!" he shouts at none of us in particular, "Hey! Joe! Wanna buy some stuff? I got stuff — white stuff, and powder . . . "

He's also got, it's all too obvious to see, an 18-inch-long machete laid across his handlebars. We don't stop to investigate either the purpose of this handy tool nor the exact nature of his 'stuff', white or otherwise.

This pattern is repeated at every Kingston road junction. Fruit, postcards, newspapers, sweets, roses (!) — everything is available for sale through the windows of the car, and everything, amazingly, costs precisely 'five Dollah'. For the photographer it's even worse. Every time he puts his camera to his eye, a small crowd gathers, as if by magic.

"I'm in charge here, sah. Money for the picture, sah, give me money for taking the picture. Five dollah for the picture, sah . . . "

The funky Kingston described by the likes of The Clash and John Lydon during their cheap-publicity-in-other peoples' — misery jaunts to Jamaica in the late '70s has gone. The collapse of the bauxite price and the undermining of the Stateside marijuana market by the availability of tons of cheap cocaine has increased the island's poverty and intensified the hustle for ready cash.

The tourists no longer make it as far as Kingston, preferring instead the cooler (in every sense) resorts of Montego Bay and Ocho Rios. In four days, we saw only a single other white skin outside of our hotel. The atmosphere around town is deeply oppressive. My Safe European Home? Mr Strummer's words have lost their mocking irony. "*I did* wanna go back there again . . . "

But if Kingston is a scary dump, the country surrounding it (though trapped in even greater poverty) is breath-takingly beauteous. The hills above the city are draped in vegetation of almost unreal density and amidst this vertical jungle the huge, pink, European-style houses of the rich cling impossibly to the rock-face. Each one wears a giant earring, a satellite dish to pick up the Florida television stations.

The winding road leading from those hills back into the squalid sprawl of Kingston is lined with settlements constructed from the rusting remains of beaten-flat tar barrels. Among these rickety mazes stroll barefoot kids and goats. Thousands of goats. You see very few dogs in rural Jamaica — they're not as cheap to keep, don't taste as good in curry and won't live in the hulks of long abandoned cars — but goats, that's a different matter . . .

Every building along the road that isn't of strictly shanty design is either partly finished or partly derelict; it's as if you've arrived in a giant reconstruction project following some terrible natural disaster — except that nothing ever gets quite rebuilt.

And among these almost-buildings, two are by far the most common; drinking dens — dark, airless huts with names like 'Ugly Man's', 'The Hanging Tree' and 'Henry's English Beer Pub' hand-painted on either sides — and churches. The range of responses available to relentless wage-slavery is, it seems, the same the world over — oblivion or religion . . .

Hope Road is one of the wide, tree-lined thoroughfares that dissect New Kingston, the residential area to the north of the old port and the new slum. And, as any reggae buff will inform you, number 57 Hope Road was for many years the operating centre of Bob Marley, housing both his family and his Tuff Gong studio.

Sold to Marley by Island Records boss Chris Blackwell for a ridiculously cheap 2000 JA dollars, and surrounded by a high wall (topped, naturally, in the Rastafarian red, yellow and green stripes), the house is now the Bob Marley Museum. And the museum is a microcosm of the tensions evident all over the island, the Third World reaching out for the yankee dollar but doing so suspiciously, anxious not to give too much away.

Because we don't arrive in a coach, the imposing gates of number 57 only swing open when the magic passwords 'Virgin Records' are uttered, the gate-keeper waving us warily in. The house — colonial style, fashioned from dark wood — is impressive; the museum to which it plays host is not. There *is* history here (like the bullet-holes in the back porch where Marley and his manager Don Taylor were almost assassinated in 1976) but that's not for the consumption of the public. They

are led through the front door, up a flight and into a pair of rooms whose walls are plastered with the thousands of pages the world's music press devoted to the Tuff Gong during the last decade of his life . . .

Marley with Jagger, Marley with Clapton, Marley with Seaga and Manley, Marley at Zimbabwe's independence celebrations, Marley on the cover of *NME* . . . a million *images* of Marley, but nothing of the man himself. Except, that is, in the third room that you're ushered toward. There, roped off like some art treasure, is Bob Marley's bed, a huge baby-pink affair that wouldn't be out of place in a Gracelands guest-room. The whole shebang is tawdry and cheap and sad.

And perhaps the tawdriest, cheapest and saddest item on view is the statue of the great man that stands in the driveway between the gates and the house. Made of concrete and painted in daubs of primary colour, it is a cartoon likeness of Marley with a guitar strap two feet thick round his neck and a football at his feet. As the photographer cocks his lens to capture forever this most insulting of tributes, our gatekeeper friend dashes over to him:

"No pictures! No pictures!"

He isn't even after the usual 'five dollah'. He just doesn't want the world to see that statue: "No pictures, except for personal use. Personal use only . . . "

Meanwhile, in the museum's office, I'm left flabbergasted by a framed, tastefully scripted, prayer that hangs on the wall. It asks Jah to grant 'success to this commercial venture' and to bless 'all those employed in it'!

My most cherished memories of Robert Nesta Marley will have to remain those locked into the grooves of his records . . .

Behind the museum there is a large, dusty yard and a single-storey recording studio and rehearsal space. This is the kingdom of the real reason for our pilgrimage to this place, Bob Marley's eldest son David, universally known as Ziggy.

The yard is a place of studied casualness. Around its perimeters the older members of Ziggy Marley's band and entourage roll enormous joints and heckle those participating in the game of football that seems to be permanently taking place in front of them. It's not a match, but an exhibition of flicky, tricky skills, with Ziggy as its ringmaster and number one show-off. Everyone seems to be having a hugely enjoyable time, yet the second Ziggy tires of the game, and slopes off to his keyboard in the rehearsal room or to get a cold juice, the remaining players dissolve away too. It's only after observing this phenomenon three or four times that it suddenly dawns — the football is laid on specifically for Ziggy's benefit. It's an indication of how he's treated round here.

I get very used to this yard because I spend the next three days there, awaiting an interview and photo-session with Ziggy that, despite the best efforts of Virgin's PR man and a go-between called Addis, is always threatening to take place at some unspecified time in the future. And we're not alone. During our vigil round the press-ganged footballers, we witness the arrival of big-time New York photographer Ken Nahoum (out there for *The Observer Magazine)*, complete with assistant, local driver and two vehicles heaving with expensive equipment. Ken will need, his assistants tell us, a day of Ziggy's time out in the hills and perhaps half a day round here. After much negotiating, he is promised a whole hour, in the yard, naturally.

At just 19 years of age, Ziggy Marley's self-confidence (inflated and sustained by the obvious deference of those around him, and by the attention of his fearsome and doting mother, Rita) does border on the arrogant, but there's more to him than just bratishness. Already he is a seasoned musical. His band, the Melody Makers (comprising himself, brother Stephen, sisters Sharon and Cedella and, lately, the musicians of a now-defunct Ethiopian band called Dalal) have already made two albums, and Virgin Records have poured a lot of faith, and considerably more money, into their third.

Conscious Party (to be released in Australia in late May, following the release of the "Tomorrow People" single two weeks ago) was recorded in New York with Talking Heads' Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz at the controls (and the like of vampire-round-town) Keith Richards putting in the odd guest appearance) and could be the record that launches Marley junior into the glare of international recognition, just as *'Natty Dread'* did his father well over a decade ago.

In its favour is fortuitous timing, for while no artist has emerged from '80s reggae to fill the giant clogs popped by Ziggy's father, rock-tinged reggae has continued to sell, as evidenced by the recent success in this country of records by Freddie McGregor, Maxi Priest and Aswad *Against* it are the comparisons that must be drawn between Ziggy and his dad (it does sound strange to hear a 19 year-old singing with such conviction about generations of slavery), and the feeling that we've all been down this road before.

And, after three tedious days of watching Jah footie and listening to instrumental run-throughs of *'Conscious Party'* songs, I finally get a chance to discuss these issues when Ziggy finally relents and designs to do an interview in one of his yard's quieter corners.

"My childhood was really just like most other people's" Ziggy drawls in a Jamaican accent less dense than that with which he addresses his spars. "Except that as we grew older we came to understand that our father had a special place.

"We did accompany him on some tours, but not all, and he never really taught us anything formally about music or singing. All that just comes from within."

Marley is no fool; he must have known (at least latterly) that any foray into the world of music would be plagued by the giant shadow of his father. Did he never think of doing something else?

"No, not really. Nobody pushed me into music or tried to discourage me out of it. It's just that it came naturally to me, a gift from Jah that I have to use. Music is the path through which I make my contribution."

Doesn't the constant, and inevitable, comparisons with his father make him sometimes regret the taking of that path?

"No, not at all", he replies firmly and with the weary tone of one over-used to the line of questioning., "that seems to be a problem only for other people, not for me or the rest of us, in any case, by the time my father was at the peak of his success he was well into his 30s; we're young, and bring a more youthful eye and ear to the world and to the music."

But isn't it an eye and ear that's cut off from the world that inspired reggae's golden years from 1975 to '79, that's surrounded by this yard's walls and cocooned by an entourage?

"No. I'm not isolated, I can go out in the world just like the next man. I'm not like Michael Jackson. I look around, and I read and study and take account of what's going on in the world. Nothing much has changed since reggae started to identify the problems. If anything, they're worse. South Africa still isn't free and the West still treats the rest of the world as a dumping ground."

"Last year Europe sent tons of powdered milk to Africa, but it was all contaminated with radiation, and in today's paper I read that Jamaica is considering taking in other people's atomic waste to earn overseas currency. Only the blind cannot see the state of this world."

Further attempts to draw personal comment from Marley (whose profoundly laid back stance is used as a deflector shield and whose close-up physical resemblance to his father is almost eerie) prove fruitless. His answers tend to be mono-syllabic, bar when one or more of his coterie wander into ear-shot and switches into public speaking mode, making a series of well rehearsed, highly generalised statements. Even enquiries about the LP's producers and rocking guest star are met with "that was the record company's idea."

It's only when I try to place his work in context, in a spectrum of modern reggae, that he actually responds with passion. In the last few years, I venture to suggest, reggae has abandoned the semi-religious, semi-political do-good lyrical stance of the last decade and returned underground where a seemingly inexhaustable supply of DJs chant casual violence and even more casual sex; Marley's songs, particularly those on the new album, fly in the face of that trend. He disagrees violently:

"What you're doing is trying to divide reggae up into compartments, to weaken it. That's what always happens. I am as much a part of the reggae that you don't approve of as anything else. I make no difference between myself and the youths who DJ or someone like Half Pint. It's all the same thing, the strong message of reggae music which we're all trying to put across."

This exasperatingly, and probably deliberately, naive point of view is his final word. With the merest nod of acknowledgement, he's gone, back to his cosy universe of footie mates, hap-hazard rehearsal and unchallengeable certainties that ill-fit one so young.

My responses to 'Conscious Party' are so tied up with ghosts and spirits outside the record itself that I'm almost incapable of coherent, never mind *objective* views about it; my guess is that it'll be pretty successful in America and Germany, though not in this country, where the Wailers were especially revered.

Equally, the disconcerting similarities (physical, vocal and musical, and regardless of the reasons for them) between Ziggy and his illustrious forebear will see the Melody Makers' concerts sell out; curiosity alone will ensure that.

But, just as surely, if Ziggy Marley is ever to establish himself as something other than a talented freak, he will have to find some way of discarding the very things that now make him interesting. The gargantuan size of that task was poignantly illustrated as he walked away from our interview . . .

At that very moment, one of those space-age Honda vans snaked noisily into Ziggy's yard, one of his band at the wheel. The music thundering from its sound system wasn't from 'Conscious Party'; nor was it by Frankie Paul, Dennis Brown or Cocoa Tea . . .

Across the yard the lyric pounded:

'Exodus . . . movement of Jah children . . . '

"Comparisons with my father seem to be a problem for others, not me. Nobody tried to push me or discourage me. It came naturally to me, a gift from Jah".

• **Ziggy at Bob's funeral in Mya 1981.**

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Now we're talking

KATE CEBERANO & WENDY MATHEWS
You've Always Got The Blues
(Festival)

Kate Ceberano seems to be getting exponentially more bored with the restrictions and shallowness of pop music, whilst still not quite having the maturity and emotional reach to completely escape its clutches. Last year's live album, featuring the zesty 'I'm Beginning To See The Light' was enjoyable, if somewhat underweighted, soujourn into commercial blue-eyed soul, whilst her latest collaboration with the under-utilised Wendy Mathews again skirts the blues-tinged periphery of pop, without digging for its essence and core.

As such, the lady still comes across as a pop artist out for diversion, rather than a diverse artist out for a blues' blitz. The entertainment value on *You've Always Got The Blues* is not in question. From the sultry, acoustic play "The Girl In The Picture", to the after-the-last-bus sparesness of the title piece, and onto an intriguingly over-romantic version of "Cry Me A River", the lustrous melodies and the fresh-faced vocals of Ceberano shine. It's just that it is somewhat of a mis-representation to call it the blues and an overstatement to tag it "serious music".

Indeed, the swaggering 'Guilty Through Neglect' is the closest thing to sould that this album has and yet, even allowing for its whining guitars, is the album's least effective piece. On the other hand, the country and western 'Don't You Take It Too Bad' is the album's prissiest work, although it is as proximal to blues, as red is to violet, in the spectrum.

ROBERT VELLA

PEABO BRYSON
Positive
(W.E.A.)

The trouble with a new Peabo Bryson album is that you feel you've already heard and memorised it even before it's slapped onto the turntable for its first spin. Claggy, love-is-all choruses matched to porridge-consistent, strings-dominated arrangements broken up by the occasional duet with an unknown, but hauntingly rich female vocalist and the odd, mirage-like departure into the funky fast-lane. That's been Peabrain's — sorry Peabo's formula for years — and surprise surprise — it is exactly the way he travels on the curiously-titled *Positive*.

Snuggly pieces such as 'Come On Over Tonight', 'Without You', and 'I Want to Know' are sympathetic vehicles for Bryson's toffee-sweet, long-noted vocals. But as far as being memorable soulful refrains go, that's debatable. Even the classic love song 'Hurt' seems to lose the essence of its torturous existence under P.B.'s user-friendly style. Perhaps this is the quintessential torch song, but here it seems to be funning under flat batteries.

And so, this disc of *Positively* gentle music continues with the even cuddlier 'Tonight' and 'When We Need It Bad'. I doubt even the most laid-back of radio programmers will see the light here. There is nothing to distinguish this music from a hundred other album tracks at the moment. Who said *Positive* thinking is the way to go?

ROBERT VELLA

VEGIMITE REGGAE
Vegimite Reggae/
Trendy Ex-Hippies
(Confidential Records)

This album is evidence that you need not go further than your own backyard to find some of the tightest garage bands about. It is a platter that allows some rare concert-inspired blood-letting and then, when the impulsive haemorrhaging almost gets out of hand, applies the band-aids of rich choruses, to stop the whole thing from collapsing into an all-in aural brawl.

Forget the lyrics, indeed forget your inhibitions as you listen to the roguishly good-natured 'Send It Out' with its Madness-like brass work, the thigh-slapping slow rolls of 'Open The Door' and the calypso calisthenics of 'Way Away'. Let the fun and the brassy fever infect you and still the good value continues to hit you like falling coconuts in a hurricane. Perhaps, the finest cutting edge to this many-bladed band comes in the form of the sultry romance of 'For Love'. Simplicity rules the melody attacks and ultimately the passion conquers.

Nevertheless, just when you think this 'Vegimite' is of the super-smooth variety, the quirky 'Faces' and the anthemic 'Fat Girl' give notice that pigeon-holing is for the birds, not for versatile, brilliant combos like Vegimite Reggae.

ROBERT VELLA

MIKE OLDFIELD
Islands
(Virgin/EMI)

Only a state of mind separates Mike Oldfield between being a boring old eccentric and a brave, enlightened new age artist. Indeed, if this man (whose most precious accessories are still his *Tubular Bells*,) was born a century ago, he would give Liszt a run for his money in creating dazzling and turgid classic sonnets. As it is, he is stuck in a crevice, trying to maintain a symphonic composure, whilst occasionally rocking the walls with streaks of inventiveness from his myriad of percussive and electronic sound machines (instruments would be a too liberal term for them).

So if that paints the murky instrumental picture for his latest effort *Islands*, it says nothing of its strange but heady entertainment value. For, although Oldfield will never go down in history as a champion of melody, he may well gain a place as the Alfred Hitchcock of contemporary music — the guy who keeps everyone on edge and on emotional stand-by.

In essence, the two sides of these *Islands* are seasons apart. One is the cool, lengthy winter and the other the balmy, breezy summer. Side one comprising the plaintiff, delicate 'The Wind Chimes' Parts One and Two is Oldfield at his iciest best. The guy is still at his winningest when he is whimsical and doing it from pop tree's highest and most bent branch. The twenty minutes of mood sways between spacey ambience to space-walking techno-pop and onto virtuous symphonic formality.

As for side two vocals and the desire to attract a sunny commercial base take over and make for less efficient entertainment. Bonnie Tyler, whose novelty affect long wore out, does her typical frog impersonation onthe non-descript title track whilst the lesser-known but better-endowed Anita Hererland clocks in on the Celtic daintiness of 'North Point' and 'The Time Gas Come', two tracks destined to live in the moonlight shadow of superior past works.

— ROBERT VELLA

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Good Morning Vietnam
(Festival)

Well before enlightened radicals were howling about the Greenhouse Effect, they were pre-occupied with more earthly things like the White-house effect — how peace-busters like L.B.J. and tricky Dicky were interfering with the sovereignty of a little backwater jungle known as Vietnam. Time and history has not been very kind to the presidents but it has been somewhat morebenevolant to film-makers and music-makers. With the movie *Good Morning Vietnam,* it takes another stride forward — it injects tasteful humour into a subject that was/is deadly serious.

That humour and warmth spills over into this well-meaning album. Comedian Robin Williams, who portrays that *'angel of the morning'*, Viet disc jockey, Adrian Cronauer, breaks up the musical pieces with his over-energised, satirically-sauteed raps.

The music iteself proves two things. The mid to late sixties had its very talented worker bees, as well as the Queen bees like The Stones, The Beatles etc. It also proves that the best way to handle the nastiness of real life was to submerge your musical soul in escapism. Hence, here we have the gorgeously sentimental 'What A Wonderful World' warbled by the aging Louis Armstrong, the basking harmony play 'California Sun' by The Rivieras and the bubblegum blow-outs of 'Sugar And Spice' by The Searchers. As something of a balance, there's the soul of James Brown with 'I Got You' and the street-brawling rock of Van Morrison's theme with 'Baby Please Don't Go'. All mixed in with the individual humour of Robin Williams, it makes this one of the better value soundtrack albums.

— ROBERT VELLA

• Louis Armstrong

FUNHOUSE
Too Drunk To Funhouse
Polyester

With rhythms that are more bent than an arthritic banana and balmy percussion that is straight from a banana republic, this mini-album gives troppo pop a new, enhanced reputation.

At the same time, it quells any fears that a sinister intellectual element is overtaking pop music. After all, the central tracks of *Funhouse*, 'Shotgun' and 'Skin 'n Bone' are about as cerebral as a peabrain after a double-lobotomy. Indeed, it's more southerly, about the ankle and bop-boots' region where this five-man, inner-Melbourne band zooms in.

Hints of Blues' Brothers' party-soul, touches of Chuck Berry revivalist rock and roll and a whole swarm of original Funhouse personality combine to make this a blissful, rollicking shakedown where the academic exercise of listening to the lyrics is over-shadowed by the physical exercise of feeling the beat.

ROBERT VELLA

SINGLES

EDITED BY AL WEBB

BOURGEOIS TAGG
I Don't Mind At All
(Island)
One of those sleepers that gradually gets around by word of mouth. Sounded like a sophisticated Paul McCartney when I first heard it, the schmaltz stripped away, the arrangement complementing a fine piece of songwriting. One to keep the ear out for.

VOODOO LUST
Cathy's On Heat
(Rattlesnake)
Cathy's not the only one on heat. Voodoo Lust are, as they plough through this Ramones-style chord-riff wonder at a million miles an hour. Bound to get the place hoppin' at live gigs.

STEVE EARL
Six Days On The Road
(MCA)
From the "Planes Trains And Automobiles" flick, and a country classic in its own right. Steve Earl keeps it gritty and real, but also offers a kind of youthful feel to it. Usually, it's old codgers like Johnny Cash who get to do it. A song well and truly ensconced in the truckies' Hall Of Fame.

SCARLET AND BLACK
You Don't Know
(Virgin)
Exec producer is Pete Waterman, so you know it's got a skippety dance beat before you put it on. But nobody's perfect, not even Waterman. This is about as exciting as ads before a movie.

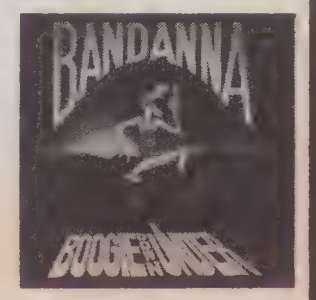
JACK'N'CHILL
The House That Jack Built
(10)
A novelty electro-disco matrix of sounds and effects built around the every "in" process of sound-sampling. You marvel at the technology, smile at the cute ideas, maybe even dance to the beat. But gut music it ain't.

FALCO WITH BRIGETTE NIELSEN
Body Next To Body
(WEA)
You know Brigette — former girlfriend of Sly Stallone, her with the big-...shoulders. Producer Giorgio Moroder manages to combine sex, the fattest guitars heard this year, rock and disco all in the same package. I hate its sexual politics, but Moroder's instinct for what makes a record sell in the late 80's is bullseye. "R" rated "Dirty Dancing".

50
Are You Sure
(Parlophone)
One of those nicely-produced medium pacers that leave you hungry for something more than good sounds and a standard chorus, no matter how repeated and beefed up it is. Part of that huge mass of music that just doesn't have what it takes to stand out.

VENETIANS
Bitter Tears
(Parole)
Kicks off with a great feel, which sets up one of this band's better recent singles. Structurally follows the conventional patterns, but could help to raise their flagging profile. One of those rare rock — as opposed to pop — records that could suit AM more than FM radio.

STEPHEN SMITH
Don't You Wish
(Green Fez)
An indie on green vinyl — snappy presentation indeed. Sturdy rock'n'roll based on the Lloyd Cole ideal of a strong song and a freight train-like feel. The benchmark of credible guitar-based rock'n'roll. Some nice feedback touches show a level of competence higher than most newcomers. I liked it.



BANDANA
Boogie Down Under
(Possum)
Boogie is boogie is boogie. You can't pretend to play it, it has to be in your blood. These tough-lookin' Aussie dudes have got the beards and denims to prove it. There are hints of ZZ Top, but to play boogie in Australia is to be part of a glorious pub-rock tradition ... and always be guaranteed an audience.

PEBBLES
Girlfriend
(MCA)
One of the up and coming American dance queens, in the wake of Janet Jackson. Hard-edged, simple arrangement that owes most of its artistry to Prince. One day Prince will be recognised as one of the genuine innovators of the eighties.

CATFISH
When You Dance
(WEA)
Suffice to say, we have a highly produced funky kinda dance thing. Sounds like one of those projects conceived on the drawing Board rather than based on any particular vocal charisma or character. Which is a big problem, especially for its creator Don Walker.

FLEETWOOD MAC
Family Man
(Warner Bros)
Another example of what a great talent Lindsey Buckingham is. He writes a simple, sentimental song, then applies his artist's (ie producer's) brush to it. The result? You're looking at a genuine original rather than just a print. The quiet achiever.

The spirit of Sydney

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Swingin' From The Trees
(Au-go-go)

Sydney has provided the Australian independent music scene with some of the most inspired and timeless rock and roll of the entire 1980's. Relentless, hard-edged guitar attack has been the order of the day, with as much inspiration drawn from the seventies as the sixties.

Swingin' From The Trees brings together 12 bands which not only represent the sound and style of Sydney, but epitomise the true spirit of that city's musical heritage. While other worthy compilations like *Take Everything, Leave Nothing, This Is Hot* and *Paths of Pain* have done the same, this collection is as tight and neat a soundtrack to the passing parade as any before it.

None of the tracks have been previously available, and what they lack in commerciality they make up in sheer energy and exhuberance. This is all premium grade material, the highlights being **Naked Lunchs'** 'Real Gone', **The Spectre's Revenges'** 'I Told No Lies', **The Mother's** 'Intersection', **The Eastern Dark's** 'Stay Alone', **Rocks'** 'Mental Blank', and **Hoi Polloi's** 'Midnight Ride'.

The remaining six tracks are not that far behind either, and you can hardly go wrong with the likes of **Mushroom Planet's** 'Detonate', **The Sweet Ride's** 'Room Full Of Fools', **Psychotic Turnbuckles'** 'Mr Zeppelin Man', **Conspirators'** 'Don't Leave Me', **No Man's Land's** 'Into The Now', and **The Space Juniors'** 'Skatin' Down The Boulevard'.

The collection's only drawback is its briefness. Only 12 tracks makes for a rather poor effort, and surely compiler Steven Danno could have tracked down at least another four tracks of the same calibre. There's bound to be plenty more where this came from. Well, for now we'll have to get into this lot and pray for *Swingin' From The Trees Volume Two.*

— IAN McFARLANE

• **Sydney's Hoi Polloi**

THEN JERICO
First
EMI

Then Jericho, to its eternal credit, would rather shake the foundations than superficially vibrate the walls. It gets to the core of rock and roll on the vibrant *First,* an album that recalls the days Hall And Oates were blazing the rock-cum-soil trail instead of being blase about it. It is richly percussive, domonically vocalised and full of heady harmony work — kind of designer-labelled ruggedness. If the melodies are somewhat under-developed, so-be-it. The atmospheric presence and smokey emotion of the sound truly compensates for lack of melodic pragmatism.

Of the ten tracks, three stand out and four others sit up almost as prominently. With its head-strong piano and fiery chorus 'Let Her Fall' playfully jumps at you like a still to be house-trained pup while 'Blessed Days' and 'The Motive' are more complex rock beasts with imaginative harmony patterns.

As with most debut albums the one short-coming of *First* is the sameness feel of most tracks. If the above three tracks stand out, it's only because they are superior variations on an almost unaltered theme that pervades all pieces. Still, if that makes for over-kill, it's not a bad way to die.

— ROBERT VELLA

LEONARD COHEN
I'm Your Man
(CBS)

Leonard Cohen goes down in history as the manic depressive as the man who makes music to slash wrists by, makes the more frivolous of us downright uncomfortable and guilt-ridden.

However, I've never got that feeling from his music. The atmosphere he creates for me is awe. How can sublimity, allure and menace induce suicide? Cohen's symmetery, insight and consequential home truths make the throat gulp.

He is neither grim nor gloomy, no bedsit angst merchant. The difference between Cohen and The Smiths lies in the thn space poetry and pastiche. He has that universal vision: he makes the daily seem profound, and vice versa. As usual he paints his passions — hatred, vengeance, love — and with admirable understatement.

First listening will suggest the whole of the LP as unequal to the sum of its constituent parts — a farago of slick-funk, waltz, country and that familiar drone offset by picking guitar and long-time collaborator Jennifer Warnes' honeyed harmonies. Yet on repeated listening, it's the cohesive heart and simplicity which stand clear.

World-wise, world-weary and with a genuis for expressing it, Cohen remains a success. He sings *"You loved me as a loser but now you're worried thatI just might win"*. Not me. His aim is still true and as a Beautiful Loser myself I can appreciate the sentiment of it all.

— RICHARD NORTH

LARRY CARLTON
Discovery
(WEA)

There is stainless steel — the kind that leaves no indelible memories and then there is the corrosive type that eats away at apathy. Finally, after years of toting the rust-free variety of guitar, Larry Carlton has now discovered the joys of a little nastiness and grittiness. It makes his latest album *Discovery* not only his best but one of the finest guitar albums of the year.

Whilst possessing the grace and frictionless flow of a Klughriff and the occasional wicket spilee of a Knopfler strum, Carlton's style also embraces the dreamy warmth of a superior West Coast Melody maker. Lilting pieces like "My Home Away From Home" and "Minute By Minute" (the old Doobies strut) flow as freshingly as the first icey Perrier on a sweltering day.

They contrast somewhat with the less rigorous formula of "March Of The Jazz Angels" and "Knock On Wood", both still high on melody but a good deal more spontaneous in their plucky acoustics or brass work.

So this superb album continues to unfold its delights in logarithmic proportions. "Those Eyes", an old late-night warhorse is given the lush, romantic treatment here to the point that it's likely to become a standard in all enlightened honeymoon suites, whilst the tile piece has the calypso vibrant style that will enhance many a coming poolside party. They complete an album that would be cheap at half the price and excellent at half the quality. Ace "Discovery" eh?

— ROBERT VELLA

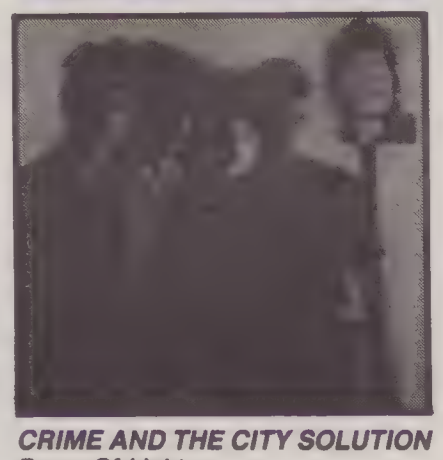
BUSHWACKERS
Celebration
(CBS)

Celebration is an essential compilation from Australia's best known players of bush music. The record is evenly split between instrumental dance melodies and vocal tracks. The instrumentals draw from a wide range of musical cultures; Greek, Swedish, Russian and American as well as Irish, Scottish and English. All these desperate threads are tied together by the Bushwacker's good time sound. These are skillful musicians who convey a sense of life and swing in what they play. The dances hold up well in the artificial environments of studio and loungeroom, although I can live without the TV themes on the forth side.

The vocal numbers are also very strong, especially the live recordings. "Les Darcy", "Marijuana Australiana" and a haunting rendition of "And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda" are highlights. The playing is enthusiastic and rollicking. The messages in the songs are delivered with gusto.

The only thing that detracts from this fine collection is the lack of liner notes. I image that a band like the 'Wackers has had an interesting history if only interms of its many line-up changes. There is no mention of who plays what on any of the tracks and no run down of the songs origins. Something like this would be a great addition to these records. At $16.99 this two record set is excellent value both as an historical document and as a listening experience.

— STEPHEN ANDREW



CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION
Room Of Lights
(Rampant)

This album is an exercise in disorientation — an aural trip through a house of mirrors. The distorted guitars come flashing, larger than life from every possible angle whilst the de-frocked, de-prettied lyrics starkly reflect the stresses and cynicism of modern life. Add the whiskey-strengthened, slurred vocals of Simon Bonney and the trampish, Tom Waits'-like rhythms and baby you've got one rough and ready piece of London rock.

Opener 'Right Man, Wrong Man', given the obligatory three spinsto unbutton its trench-coat of sly, smokey delights, is just about the album's finest. The rockier 'Her Room Of Lights' sputters about like a badly-tuned jalopy but still has an elegant blues' antiquity to its facade whilst 'Adventure' is a little too boozed out and bad to attract anyone this side of the local remand centre.

Indeed as the eleven tracks chuggle by, you realise how tough it is to keep listening to all this down-beat music in one sitting. It's a case of small does or big dozing off. In such rationed proportions, 'Rose Blue' and 'Coal Train' do work well in a quaint austere, soul-sad way. They put a coffin lin on a depressing if honest forty minutes of pounding-against-the-walls' frustration letting.

— ROBERT VELLA

WIN! A GREAT McCARTNEY PACK!

VIDEO, T-SHIRT, POSTER & ALBUM

CEL Video has just released a new music video which provides an interesting, informative and entertaining insight into the post-Beatles career of Paul McCartney.

Entitled *The Paul McCartney Special,* the video provides an excellently documented and researched look at the former Beatle with interviews, rare footage and clips from some of his greatest albums.

To coincide with the release of the video in Australia, Juke, in conjunction with CEL Video and EMI Records, is offering you the chance to win a special Paul McCartney collectors pack containing the *Paul McCartney Special* video, a T-shirt, poster and a copy of his latest 'Best Of' LP, entitled *All The Best.*

For a chance to win, just write and tell us the name of the film which Paul McCartney wrote, produced and starred in a few years back.

Write your answer, along with your name and address, on the back of an envelope and send it to:

PAUL McCARTNEY COMPETITION
Juke Magazine
PO BOX 628E,
MELBOURNE, 3001

VIDEOS...VIDEOS..

Terence Trent D'Arby — Live

(CBS/Fox Video)
Starring: Terence Trent D'Arby

***TTD Live* is a cleverly stage-managed mix of documentary interview and live footage shot in Hamburg, Germany.**

Terence's boasts about his abilities out-run his talents, and his band is workmanlike without being spectacular. However *Live* is no attempt to make a myth. Some of the comments are downright blunt.

A member of The Bojangles, his backing band, is asked what he thinks of D'Arby.

"He's vastly over-rated" comes the reply.

And what does Terence think of his band?

"Basically, they're the most untalented bunch of people I've ever had the displeasure of working with."

The video is a colourful portrait of the gospel-inspired sex symbol, the guy voted "coolest cat in the universe" by a poll of Sydney school kids. As last week's issue showed, Terence has clearly "manufactured" his past, in the way Bob Dylan and Jim Morrison did. His real childhood was only average, so he made up the stories of an "outcast" whose "desire for attention" was spawned because of his "harsh upbringing". Or so he says, anyway.

His moves and vocal performances are nicked from the great soul guys from the '50s and '60s, but you can't deny they make fine spectacle. He uses a lot of crotch language: unlike Madonna or the Beastie Boys, he doesn't actually touch his privates but his stage movements leave nothing to the imagination. By the time you get to "Sign Your Name" the inference is glaringly clear!

— ROBBIE COATES

Seize The Day

Starring: Robin Williams, Jerry Stiller, Joseph Wiseman
(Vestron Video)

The current success of *Good Morning Vietnam* and it's main attraction Williams will ensure quite a bit of interest for this film purely because of his presence.

This is a very different film to anything Williams has attempted in the past and I suspect in the future. That is not to say this film is a disaster, far from it, but the former *Mork and Mindy* star is best suited to lighter roles than the character he depicts in this film.

Williams stars as Thomas Wilheim, a travelling salesman who has fallen on bad times, in fact things are worse than that. His marriage is over, so he is separated from his children and on top of that he loses his job and is unable to find another. To make the blackest picture complete, he is swindled out of his life savings by a 'friend'.

There is also his continuing battle for recognition and affection from his father, who judges achievement solely on the amount of money you earn, which in Tommy's case leaves him low on the totem pole.

Seize The Day is a dark film that wanders through a myriad of human emotions and deals with each in a fairly just and sensitive way.

Humour, which has always been a trademark of Williams work is not present a tall in his work here and that is hard to come to grips with, because you are always waiting for him to break into a routine to lighten the sombre tone of the film.

Joseph Wiseman is compelling as the belligerent father who gives so little to his family because of his own fears of death and there is a stunning performance from Stiller, as the rough Dorter Tamkin, who manages to con everyone into his little schemes.

Seize The Day is bleak at times and hardly the pick-me-up you may be looking for from your video entertainment.

— KEVIN HILLIER

The Princess bride

Starring: Mandy Patinkin, Chris Sarandon
(Vestron Video)

Welcome to Fantasyland, the happiest kingdom of them all, if you believe what Walt Disney used to say you are in for a treat watching this film.

This is the classic tale bought to the screen in living colour and with all the action, adventure and romance associated with the period of queens, castles and knights of bold.

Director Rob Reiner *Stand By Me* has captured the mood and time of the era perfectly and managed to inject a lot of humour into the dingy dungeons of days gone by.

Westley, the film's hero is trying to release his true love from the evil clutches of the lord of the manor. His quest is at first hindered by Vizzini (Wallace Shawn) and his two henchmen, who turn out to be the great allies when he looks all but gone and his endeavours fruitless.

Patinkin has his own reasons for helping which revolve around his twenty year obsession to revenge his father's death at he hands of a six fingered man who just happens to be the Prince's right hand man, Count Rugen (Christopher Guest). Hugen is also the man in charge of the torture inflicted on Westley when he is captured by the Prince.

The set up for the story is done well, with Peter Falk appearing as a modern day Grandfather visiting his sick grandson and bringing a book to read him called "The Princess Bride". This is sustained throughout the film and works well.

The cast also boasts the likes of Peter Cook, Mel Smith and the brilliant Billy Crystal. The added attraction of a soundtrack by Mark Knopfler makes this a more than pleasant film to watch.

— KEVIN HILLIER

FILMS...FILMS...FI

Swayze's new feature . . .

Dirty Dancing's heartthrob actor Patrick Swayze has started work on Rowdy Herrington's new movie *Roadhouse* which has started production in Los Angeles.

In the film, for which Swayze is reportedly being paid $1 million, he plays a bouncer with a degree in psychology, who is hired to clean up a number of honky tonk bars.

His costars in the film include Sam Elliott, Kelly Lynch and Kevin Tighe.

Meantime, Kris Kristofferson has started work on his new film *Millennium*, opposite former Charlies Angels actress, Cheryl Ladd. They're both in Toronto at the moment, filming early scenes.

And SEan Penn's father Arthur is producing, directing and starring in a new film he helped write called *Penn And Teller Get Killed.*

★ ★ ★

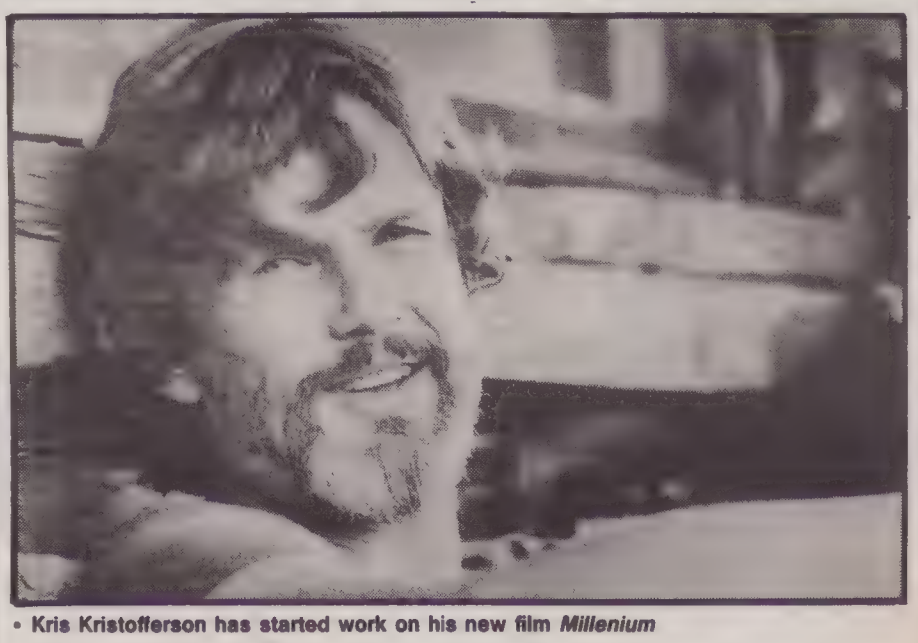
The 16th james Bond film, and the second to star Timothy Dalton in the lead role, is set to go before the cameras in mid-July, for producers Albert Broccoli and Michael Wilson.

The new film will be called *Licence Revoked* to be shot on location in Mexico City with a brief shooting stint in Florida.

It's the first time a Bond film hasn't been shot at the Pinewood Film Studio in London, but while Bond goes Mexican, Pinewood is set to play host to a new superhero.

Warner Brothers has selected Pinewood as the studio to shoot a new feature in August starring that other do-gooder, Batman.

Warners are remaining tight-lipped about the caped crusader's antics in the new film and who'll take the lead role. However, they've announced that Tim Burton will direct and production chores will be handled by Peter Guber, Jon Peters and Chris Kenny.



• **Kris Kristofferson has started work on his new film *Millenium***

Now that Hollywood is going cold on its run of baby films, with everyone from Tom Selleck to Diane Keaton learning to change nappies, the hot new theme for 1989 looks like being teenage pregnancies.

Steve Binder and Peter Nelson will star in the first of the films, called *Times Of Our Lives.*

The film is based on a true story published in Family Circle magazine, written by teenager Rena Dictor LeBlanc.

The role of the 14-year-old central character has gone to Alyssa Milano, currently being seen as a co-star in the Nine Network series, *Who's The Boss?*

★ ★ ★

Has Diane Keaton found herself typecast?

Making a film comeback as a new "mother" is *Baby Boom*, Keaton has just started work on Leonard Nimoy's new movie, *The Good Mother.*

Not a lot is known about the film, except that her co-stars include Liam Neeson, Jason Robards and Ralph Bellamy.

The film is currently shooting in Canada.

★ ★ ★

Alan Bates, the English actor who caused a storm in the film *Women In Love* has started work on a new film in London called *We Think The World Of You.*

Directed by Colin Gregg, the film costars Gary Oldman, Frances Barber and Liz Smith.

In other new film news, Jane Fonda and Gregory Peck are costarring in *Old Gringo*, currently shooting in Mexico.

Miss Fonda is also co-producing the film, with Lois Bonfiglio.

Luis Puenzo directs from a screenplay he cowrote with Aida Bortnik. L.A. Law star Jimmy Smits is in the supporting cast.

★ ★ ★

Martin Sheen and two of his actor sons, Charlie and Ramon co-star in *Beverly Hills Brats*, which has just gone into production in southern California.

Produced by Terry Moore and Jerry Rivers, the film also stars Whoopi Goldberg, Ruby Keeler (who at 79, is in a wonderful state of preservation) and Mae Clark.

As soon as work on the film is wrapped up, Whoopi Goldberg kicks off her one-woman show, *Living On The Edge Of Chaos.* She'll tour the show right through the U.S. winding it up in Boston at the start of June.

Goldberg recently completed work on the film *Homer And Eddie* in which she co-stars with Jim Belushi.

— DULCIE JEAN

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

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All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB Current subscription holders are ineligible.

(1) Two American rock veterans have died in the past few weeks. One was Dave (surname?)

(2) A Nevada judge has ruled that proceedings against British HM band Judas (name?) — brought by the families of two youths involved in a suicide pact — can go ahead.

(3) America's (name?) have been described by critics as the best of the new band of Speed-Metal exponents.

(4) The record label that Sting launched earlier this year is (name?) Records.

(5) Austen (surname?) says his next LP is going to be called "Whispering Joke".

(6) It's been confirmed that (name?) looks like playing the lead roll in rock opera Evita if it goes to film.

(7) What's the name of the comic strip in Juke?

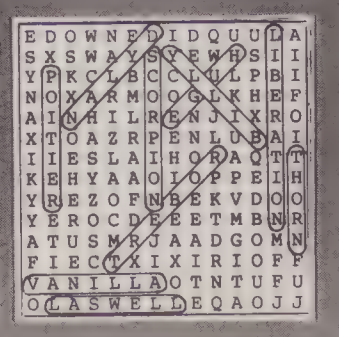
(8) (Group ?) have their debut "Tales of the City" out now on CD, Cassette and album.

(9) Dr Feelgood recorded their "Classic" on what label?

(10) Style (name?) are selling off their London studio which they bought from their record company five years ago.

Last week's answers:

Billy
Dylan
Huge
Laswell
Liberation
Poitier
Robert
Scorpion
Thorn
Vanilla



603-611
Little Lonsdale St
Melbourne 3000
Postal Address:
Box 628E
Melbourne, Vic 3000

Phones:
605 4226
605 4230
(Editorial)

605 4228
(Gig Guide)

605 4229
(Advertising)

FAX NO. (03) 679096

EDITOR
Christie Eliezer
FEATURES EDITOR
Byron Smith
ASST. TO THE EDITOR
Debra Baines
ADVERTISING MANAGER
Greg Phillips
(03) 605 4229
ART DIRECTION
Mark Maloney
MANAGING EDITOR
Leonard J. Shaw
PRODUCTION MANAGER
Paula Parker
GROUP ADVERTISING MANAGER
Paul Riva
GROUP MARKETING MANAGER
Barry Judge
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Ed Nimmervoll (Charts)
Dulcie Jean (Films)
Bryan Patterson (Technology)
Al Webb (Reviews)
Kevin Hillier (Videos)
Anita Winslow (Books)
AUSTRALIA
Scott Howlett
Michael Smith
Brian Jones
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Ian McFarlane
Mara Smarrelli
Simon Maynard
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David Dawson
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Doug Kesselring
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Yukiro Osoku (Tokyo)
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David Horowitz (New York)
Penny Harding (New York)
PHOTOS
Tony Mott
Bob King
Ian More
Marty Williams
Linda Tanner
Greg Noakes
Neale Duckworth
Chris Leslie
Matthew Deller
NATIONAL ADVERTISING CONTACTS:
SYDNEY
Syme Magazines
Level 7,
50 Margaret Street,
Sydney, 2000.
Ph (02) 29 6271
Fax (02) 29 7269
ADELAIDE
Tony Giuliani,
Cumberland Media,
12 Eaton Street,
Cumberland Park,
SA 5041
(08) 373 1142
PERTH
Frank Hall Media
4th Floor,
102 James St.,
Perth, 6000
(09) 328 2539
BRISBANE
Tania Bond,
51 Railway Tce,
Milton, Brisbane
(75) 368 2307

Printed and published by Leonard J. Shaw, 39 Granya Grove, Mt Eliza 3930. Printed at Ramsay Ware Printing/Quadricolor Industries Pty Ltd. Proprietor Newspress, a division of Syme Media Pty Ltd. 250 Spencer Street, Melbourne 3000. Distributed in Victoria by Magidiss Pty Ltd., 250 Spencer Street, Melbourne 3000, in S.A., by John Fairfax & Sons Limited; in Tasmania by The Mercury, 23 McQuarie Street, Hobart 7000, in N.S.W., Queensland and W.A. and New Zealand by Network Distribution Company, 64 Park Street, Sydney, 2000.

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JUKE CHARTS

OZ

SINGLES

1	1	**GET OUT OF MY CAR, GET INTO MY DREAMS, Billy Ocean**	**Liberation/CBS**
1	17	**THE FLAME, Cheap Trick**	**CBS**
3	3	**REV IT UP, Jerry Harrison**	**PolyGram**
4	4	**SIGN YOU NAME, Terence Trent D'Arby**	**CBS**
5	2	**STUTTER RAP, Morris Minor & The Majors**	**Virgin/EMI**
6	—	WHEN I FALL IN LUCKY/MY ARMS KEEP ISSING, Rick Astley	BMG/RCA
7	8	I FOUND SOMEONE, Cher	WEA
8	—	DOCK OF THE BAY, Michael Bolton	CBS
9	16	SHE'S LIKE THE WIND, Patrick Swayze	BMG/RCA
10	18	WHEN WILL I BE FAMOUS, Bros	CBS
11	7	LOVE IN THE FIRST DEGREE, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS
12	6	BREAKAWAY, Big Pig	Mushroom/Fest
13	15	COULD'VE BEEN, Tiffany	WEA
14	13	I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY, Kylie Minogue	Mushroom/Fest
15	12	UNDER THE MILKY WAY, The Church	Mushroom/Fest
16	—	WONDERFUL LIFE, Black	Festival
17	9	GROOVE, Eurogliders	CBS
18	5	HAZY SHADE OF WINTER, The Bangles	EMI
19	14	WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley	BMG/RCA
20	10	ALWAYS ON MY MIND, Pet Shop Boys	EMI
21	20	HUNGRY EYES, Eric Carmen	BMG/RCA
22	11	DON'T TELL ME THE TIME, Martha Davis	EMI
23	19	I'VE HAD THE TIME OF MY LIFE, Jennifer Warnes & Bill Medley	BMG/RCA
24	23	CHECK IT OUT, John Cougar Mellencamp	PolyGram
25	22	BOYS WILL BE BOYS, Choirboys	Mushroom/Fest

ALBUMS

1	1	**THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby**	**CBS**
2	3	**HITPIX '88, Various Artists**	**CBS**
3	2	**THE LONESOME JUBILEE, John Cougar Mellencamp**	**PolyGram**
4	5	**WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley**	**BMG/RCA**
5	6	**DIRTY DANCING SOUNDTRACK, Various Artists**	**BMG/RCA**
6	8	MAN OF COLOURS, Icehouse	Regular/Fest
7	18	GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	Festival
8	4	BIG BAD NOISE, Choirboys	Mushroom/Fest
9	10	PUMP IT UP, Various Artists	CBS
10	7	STARFISH, The Church	Mushroom/Fest
11	12	TH BOOMERANG CAFE, John Williamson	Festival
12	19	TEAR DOWN THESE WALLS, Billy Ocean	Liberation/CBS
13	11	NOW AND ZEN, Robert Plant	WEA
14	9	NAKED, Talking Heads	EMI
15	13	FREIGHT TRAIN HEART, Jimmy Barnes	Mushroom/Fest
16	14	FAITH, George Micheal	CBS
17	15	LIVELINE, ANgels	Mushroom/Fest
18	—	TEMPERMENTAL, Divinyls	Festival
19	17	VIVA HATS, Morrissey	EMI
20	23	NOISEWORKS, Noiseworks	CBS
21	—	NEVER DIE YOUNG, James Taylor	CBS
22	20	POLICY, Martha Davis	EMI
23	—	CASUAL GODS, Jerry Harrison	PolyGram
24	21	BORN TO BE BAD, George Thorogood & Teh Destroyers	EMI
25	22	CLOUD NINE, George Harrison	WEA

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

1	**SUCK N' SWALLOW, Hard Ons**	**Waterfront**
2	**DANCING BAREFOOT, Celibate Rifles**	**Hot**
3	**FIREBALL OF LOVE, The Dubrovniks**	**citadel**
4	**MY PAL, God**	**Au Go Go**
5	**JOHN BONHAM'S COKE ROADIE, This Is Serious Mum**	**Elvis**
6	RACK MY BRAINS, Huxton Creepers	Big Time
7	I LIKE IT BOTH WAYS, Johnny Teen & The Broken Hearts	Green Fez
8	TOP END KILLER, King Snake Roost	Aberrant
9	LOVE ON YOUR BREATH, Painters & Dockers	White
10	TRICK OF THE LIGHT, Triffids	White
11	SUEDEHEAD, Morrissey	EMI
12	SIDE WALKING, Jesus And Mary Chain	WEA
13	CRASH, Primitives	RCA
14	EVERYTHING/GET ON DOWN, Hummingbirds	Phantom
15	SURFING IN THE SWAMP, Bambalams	Green Fez
16	BEAUTY WAS THE BEAST, Bell Jar	Hot
17	BLUE SUBURBAM SKIES, Even As We Speak	BHP
18	KING SNAKE ROOST/FEEDTIME, Split single	Aberrant
19	DON'T YOU WISH, Stephen Smith	Green Fez
20	DON'T YOU BELIEVE, The Unheard	Kavern 7
21	STROLLER IN THE ATTIC, Chad's Tree	Nude
22	SHE'LL BE MINE, The Jukes	Kavern 7
23	THIRD SEASON, Mick Blood & The Pushtwangers	Rattlesnake
24	YESTERDAY TOMORROW, The Tide	Tide
25	HERE COMES THE RAIN, Olympic Sideburns	White

ALBUMS

1	**DICK CHEESE, Hard Ons**	**Waterfront**
2	**BARBED WIRE KISS, Jesus & Mary Chain**	**WEA**
3	**ROARING DAYS, Weddings, Parties, Anything**	**WEA**
4	**VIVA HATE, Morrissey**	**HMV**
5	**GNAWING AT THE BONES OF ELVIS, Crown Of Thorns**	**Crawdaddy**
6	PRODIGAL SON, The Saints	Mushroom
7	STORY OF THE CLASH, The Clash	CBS
8	CALENTURE, The Triffids	White
9	PRE DEITY, Died Pretty	Citadel
10	PLEASED TO MEET ME, The Replacements	WEA
11	THE ENERGETIC COOL, Bachelors From Prague	3333 Records
12	SUNSET STRIP, Sunset Strip	Au Go Go
13	THE LION & THE COBRA, Sinead O'Connor	Festival
14	HAIRWAY TO STEVEN, Butthole Surfers	Au Go Go
15	UNDER THE COVERS, Various Artists	WEA
16	FRENZ EXPERIMENT, The Fall	Beggars Banquet
17	LOVE TOWN, Stephen Cummings	Big Time
19	UGLY THINGS Vol 3, Various Artists	Raven
20	LOVELY, Primitives	RCA
22	BROKEN STUFF, Hollowmen	Au Go Go
23	BRAVE WORDS, The Chills	Flying Nun
24	SWINGING FROM THE TREES, Various Artists	Au Go Go
25	THRASH TILL DEATH, Depression	Rampant

● *Compiled with the assistance of collector's Corner, Polyester, Waterfront, Umbrella, and Da Da Records*

Metal

1	**SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON, Iron Maiden**	**(EMI)**
2	**PRIDE, White Lion**	**(WEA)**
3	**NO EXIT, Fates Warning**	**(Metal Blade)**
4	**ATOMIC ARENA, Barren Cross**	**(Enigma)**
5	**QUEEN OF THIEVES, Taramis**	**(Metal For Melb)**
6	**SO FAR, SO GOOD, SO WHAT, Megadeth**	**(EMI)**
7	**SURFING WITH THE ALIEN, Joe Satriani**	**(Relativity)**
8	**HISTORY OF A TIME TO COME, Sabbat**	**(Noise)**
9	**KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS, Helloween**	**(SPV)**
10	**MONUMENT, Hallows Eve**	**(Enigma)**

Clubland

1	**I WANT YOU BACK, Jackson 5**
2	**LOVE, Gypsy & Queen**
3	**THEME FROM STARLIGHT EXPRESS, Starlight Express**
4	**PROVE YOUR LOVE (REMIX), Taylor Dayne**
5	**VIBE ALIVE, Herbie Hancock**
6	**BUST THIS HOUSE DOWN, Penthouse 4**
7	**FAITH, Wee Papa Girl Rappers**
8	**WHO'S LEAVING WHO, Havell Dean**
9	**ALL-NITE PARTY, Fatback**

● *Courtesy Central Station Records, Melbourne*

Videos

1	**THE LOST BOYS**	**(Warner)**
2	**BEVERLY HILLS COP II**	**(CIC Taft)**
3	**THE FLY**	**(CBS Fox)**
4	**BLACK EAGLE**	**(Palace)**
5	**ROXANNE**	**(RCA)**
6	**A ROOM WITH A VIEW**	**(Roadshow)**
7	**THE KINDRED**	**(Roadshow)**
8	**WALK LIKE A MAN**	**(CEL)**
9	**THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS**	**(CIC Taft)**
10	**HAMBURGER HILL**	**(Vestron)**

● *Courtesy Movieland*

● **Megadeth are number 6 on this weeks Juke Metal chart**

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	2	**WISHING WELL, Terence Trent D'Arby**	**Columbia**
2	1	**WHERE DO BROKEN HEARTS GO, Whitney Houston**	**Arista**
3	4	**ANGEL, Aerosmith**	**Geffen**
4	6	**ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine**	**Epic**
5	7	**PINK CADILLAC, Natalie Cole**	**EMI/Manhattan**
6	3	DEVIL INSIDE, INXS	Atlantic
7	9	PROVE YOUR LOVE, Taylor Dayne	Arista
8	5	GET OUTTA MY DREAMS, GET INTO MY CAR, Billy Ocean	Jive/Arista
9	14	ALWAYS ON MY MIND, Pet Shop Boys	EMI/Manhattan
10	13	NAUGHTY GIRLS (NEED LOVE TOO), Samantha Fox	Jive
11	12	ELECTRIC BLUE, Icehouse	Chrysalis
12	15	SHATTERED DREAMS, Johnny Hates Jazz	Virgin
13	20	ONE MORE TRY, George Michael	Columbia
14	16	I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU, Foreigner	Atlantic
15	18	TWO OCCASIONS, The Deele	Solar/Capitol
16	8	GIRLFRIEND, Pebbles	MCA
17	-	WAIT, White Lion	Atlantic
18	11	SOME KIND OF LOVER, Jody Watley	MCA
19	17	ONE STEP UP, Bruce Springsteen	Columbia
20	10	MAN IN THE MIRROR, Michael Jackson	Epic
21	24	PIANO IN THE DARK, Brenda Russell featuring Joe Esposito	A&M
22	19	I SAW HIM STANDING THERE, Tiffany	MCA
23	-	DREAMING, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark	Virgin/A&M
24	-	EVERYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES, Daryl Hall & John Oates	Arista
25	21	NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP, Rick Astley	RCA

ALBUMS

1	1	**DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack**	**RCA**
2	2	**INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby**	**Columbia**
3	3	**MORE DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack**	**RCA**
4	5	**FAITH, George Michael**	**Columbia**
5	4	**BAD, Michael Jackson**	**Epic**
6	6	KICK, INXS	Atlantic
7	7	NOW AND ZEN, Robert Plant	Es Paranza
8	8	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns & Roses	Geffen
9	9	NAKED, Talking Heads	Fly/Sire
10	10	MAKE IT LAST FOREVER, Keith Sweat	Elektra
11	11	KINGDOM COME, Kingdom Come	Polydor
12	14	PRIDE, White Lion	Atlantic
13	16	PERMANENT VACATION, Aerosmith	Geffen
14	12	TIFFANY, Tiffany	MCA
15	13	HYSTERIA, Def Leppard	Mercury
16	18	TEAR DOWN THESE WALLS, Billy Ocean	Jive/Arista
17	15	WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley	RCA
18	22	LET IT LOOSE, Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine	Epic
19	19	SKYSCRAPER, David Lee Roth	Warner Bros
20	-	SEVENTH SON OF A SEVERNTH SON, Iron Maiden	Capitol
21	24	PEBBLES, Pebbles	MCA
22	17	GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	A&M
23	23	TUNNEL OF LOVE, Bruce Springsteen	Columbia
24	25	OUT OF THE BLUE, Debbie Gibson	Atlantic
25	-	WHITNEY, Whitney Houston	Arista

UK

SINGLES

1	1	**THEME FROM S-EXPRESS, Danny Wilson**	**Rhythm King**
2	11	**MARY'S PRAYER, Danny Wilson**	**Virgin**
3	5	**WHO'S LEAVING WHO, Hazel Dean**	**EMI**
4	9	**I WANT YOU BACK, Bananarama**	**London**
5	10	**ONE MORE TRY, George Michael**	**Epic**
6	22	PERFECT, Fairground Attraction	RCA
7	2	HEART, Pet Shop Boys	Parlophone
8	4	PINK CADILLAC, Natalie Cole	Manhattan
9	3	LOVE CHANGES EVERYTHING, Climie Fisher	EMI
10	6	I WANT YOU BACK 88, Michael Jackson/Jackson 5	Motown
11	17	PLAY IT BACK PART 1, James Brown	Urban
12	7	EVERYWHERE, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
13	19	A LOVE SUPREME, Will Downing	4th & Broadway
14	13	LETS ALL CHANT, Pat & Mick	PWL
15	14	GET LUCKY, Jermaine Stewart	Siren
16	8	GIRLFRIEND, Pebbles	MCA
17	21	SHE'S LIKE THE WIND, Patrick Swayze	RCA
18	—	OUT OF REACH, Primitives	RCA
19	16	PROVE YOUR LOVE, Taylor Dayne	Arista
20	—	ALPHABET STREET, Prince	Paisley Park
21	—	BLUE MONDAY (88 REMIX), New Order	Factory
22	15	JUST A MIRAGE, Jelly Bean	Chrysalis
23	—	PUMP UP THE BITTER, Star Turn On 45 Pints	Pacific
24	—	IT TAKES TWO, Rob Base And DJ EZ Rock	Citybeat
25	—	PIANO IN THE DARK, Brenda Russell	Breakout

ALBUMS

1	14	**THE INNOCENTS, Erasure**	**Mute**
2	2	**TANGO IN THE NIGHT, Fleetwood Mac**	**Warner Bros**
3	3	**NOW 11, Various**	**EMI/Virgin**
4	1	**SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON, Iron Maiden**	**EMI**
5	7	**DIRTY DANCING-SOUNDTRACK, Various**	**RCA**
6	4	THE BEST OF OMD, OMD	Virgin
7	5	PUSH, Bros	CBS
8	11	HIP HOP AND RAPPING IN THE HOUSE, Various	Stylus
9	19	BARBED WIRE KISSES, Jesus And Mary Chain	Blanco Y Negro
10	12	EVERYTHING, Climie Fisher	EMI
11	6	POPPED IN SOULED OUT, Wet Wet Wet	Precious
12	8	ACTUALLY, Pet Shop Boys	Parlophone
13	17	THE CHRISTIANS, The Christians	Island
14	15	BRIDGE OF SIGHS, T'Pau	Siren
15	9	NAKED, Talking Heads	EMI
16	—	THIS NOTE'S FOR YOU, Neil Young And The Blue Notes	Reprise
17	20	WILL DOWNING, Will Downing	4th & Broadway
18	—	LIFE'S TOO GOOD, The Sugarcubes	One Little Islands
19	13	LIVE IN EUROPE, Tina Turner	Capitol
20	—	NITE FLIGHT, Various	CBS Mood
21	—	FAITH, George Michael	Epic
22	—	HEAVEN ON EARTH, Belinda Carlisle	Virgin
23	22	WHITNEY, Whitney Houston	Arista
24	10	LOVELY, The Primitives	RCA
25	21	VIVA HATE, Morrissey	HMV

OUT! this week

Vinyl

Singles

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
I Walk The Earth (7", 12")
ALL ABOUT EVE
Wild Hearted Woman (7", 12')
THE KANE GANG
Don't Look Any Further (The Mantronic Remix) (7", 12")
GERRY WOO
How Long (7", 12")
KRUSH
House Arrest
SALT 'N' PEPA
Push It
X-UDE
Safe With You
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Somewhere Down The Crazy River
SHORT CIRCUIT
Waiting For The Big One (7", 12")

Albums

PAUL CARRACK
One Good Reason
SANDI PATTI
Make His Praise Glorious
THE SAINTS
Casablanca
THE SAINTS
A Little Madness To Be Free
KREATOR
Terrible Certainty
DEATH ROW
Raging Steel
VENDETTA
Go And Live
SINNER
Dangerous Charm
DOOMSDAY NEWS
New Generation
CELTIC FROST
Into The Pandemonium
FRANKIE DAVIDSON
Grandpa
JERRY GOODMAN
It's Alive
DEAD KENNEDY'S
Bedtime For Democracy
THE RAMONES
Ramones
IAN WHITE
Waiting For The Rain
FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Over My Head
THUNDERS & PALLADIN
Crawfish
SNAKEFINGER
I Gave Myself To You
CLUB NOUVEAU
It's A Cold, Cold World (7", 12")
ROD STEWART
Lost In You
DEBBIE GIBSON
Out Of The Blue (7", 12")
ERIC BOGLE
Something Of Value
ROBERT PLANT
Tall Cool One
RUNNING WILD
Ready For Boarding
TANKARD
Chemical Invasion
SABBAT
History Of Time To Come
SEMI-TWANG
Salty Tears
RUBEN BLADES
Nothing But The Truth
STACEY Q
Hard Machine
ROBERT PLANT
Pictures At Eleven
ERIC BOGLE
Something Of Value
THE POSH
The Posh
LEO KOTTKE
Regards From Chuck Pink
MORRIS DAY
Fishnet (12")
YEAR ZERO
Hourglass
TONIO K
Without Love
RED SYMONS
Sex Appeal
PAUL KELLY AND THE COLOURED GILS
Don't Stand So Close To The Window
THE COLOURED GIRLS
Hard Times
ASWAD
Don't Turn Around (12")
BIG PIG
Breakaway
THE CHANTOOZIES
Wanna Be Up (7", 12")
STEPHEN CUMMINGS
My Willingness
THE POSH
The Posh
LEO KOTTKE
Regards From Chuck Pink
SOUNDTRACK
promised land
JERRY GOODMAN
It's Alive
FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Shake Some Action
DON HENDERSON
In My Time
ROBBIE BROCK
On The Blooming Queensland Side
JUMP BACK JACK
Jump Back Jack
ALL ABOUT EVE
All about Eve
LEVEL 42
Running In The Family
WHO'S BETTER, WHO'S BEST
The Who
SOUNDTRACK
Wizards Of Oz

CD

ALL ABOUT EVE
All About Eve
LEVEL 42
Running In The Family
THE WHO
Who's Better, Who's Best
MARK KNOPFLER & WILLIE DEVILLE
Story Book Love
GODLEY & CREME
A Little Piece Of Heaven
COMMUNARDS
For A Friend
LITTLE FEAT
Down In The Farm
THE KINKS
The Road
SOUNDTRACK
Bladerunner
DAVID BYRNE
The Catherine Wheel
TONY SHERIDAN, THE BEAT BROS, THE BEATLES
Meet The Beat
YES
Going For The One
STACEY Q
Hard machine
RUBEN BLADES
Nothing But The Truth
JANE SIBERRY
The Walking
RY COODER
Paris, Texas

Video

AMERICAN NINJA 2: THE CONQUEROR
(Martial arts, M, RCA)
ANNE OF GREEN GABLES
(Family, G, Roadshow)
BABY TALK
(Comedy, PG, Roadshow)
BERSERKER
(Horror, R, Virgin)
BLACK EAGLE
(Action, M, Palace)
BLOODHOOK
(Thriller, M. Roadshow)
BURNING VENGEANCE
(Action, M, Palace)
BUSHFIRE MOON
(Family, G, Roadshow)
DEFENSE PLAY
(Action adventure, PG, Virgin)
FRAGMENT OF FEAR
(Thriller, M. RCA)
GNOMES
(Animated, G, RCA)
HEARTS OF FIRE
(Drama, M. Roadshow)
HEAVEN ON EARTH
(Drama, PG, Macro)
THE KINDRED
(Horror, M, Roadshow)
KISS DADDY GOODNIGHT
(Drama, M, Palace)
THE LONG GRAY LINE
(Drama, G, RCA)
MAKING ME RIGHT
(Romantic Comedy, M, RCA)
MASTER CLASS
(Martial Arts documentar, PG, Palace)
NIGHT STICK
(Drama, M. RCA)
90 DAYS TO FALL IN LOVE
(Comedy, M, RCA)
OFF BALANCE
(Thriller, M, Macro)
QUEEN OF EVIL
(Drama, M, RCA)
QUIET COOL
(Drama, M, RCA)
ROBO COP
(Action, R, MCA)
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
(Comedy, Drama, PG, Roadshow)
RUNNING FROM THE GUNS
(Action, M. RCA)
THE SEDUCTION OF MISS LEONA
(Romantic Drama, M, Virgin)
SWAMP RAT
(Drag racing documentary, PG, Virgin)
A SWITCH IN TIME
(Comedy, PG, Palace)
THE WATCHER
(Thriller, M. Virgin)
WHO'S BETTER, WHO'S BEST — THE WHO
(Music, G. Polygram)
ALRIGHT NOW — PEPSI & SHIRLIE
(Music, G, Polygram)

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

FADE-IN . . . FADE-OUT

Life as a studio sound engineer can mean long hours and heaps of pressure, but it's a career that still attracts a lot of interest from budding Trevor Horns. BYRON SMITH takes a look at the field and offers some advice for potential knob-twiddlers . . .

"WOW! WHADDA ALL THOSE KNOBS FOR?!"

It's a mystery isn't it. You're standing watching your favourite band and you glance across the room . . .

There's a gap in the crowd and a man bending over what looks like a flight control panel for a 747. He's frantically twiddling a multivarious array of knobs, buttons and flashing lights and he seems to be taking it all pretty seriously: he has reason to. This one man has total control over the sound you're hearing. As sound engineer, it's his job to make sure all the instruments are mixed correctly, that you can hear the singer, that there's echo on the vocals and reverb on the snare drum . . . he can make or break the band's sound with the push of a fader.

In the studio, much the same applies for the person behind the mixing console. It's his job to faithfully reproduce the sound of the band and very often make it *larger* than life, by way of applying effects and treatments, overdubs, special recording techniques and ultimately, mixing it all together to produce a cohesive package of sound which, hopefully, resembles music.

It's a job bearing equal proportions of responsibility, satisfaction, joy, hardship, tiredness, and POWER! It requires patience, musical empathy, imagination, enthusiasm and most of all, the ability to withstand hearing the same song about 200 times, even if you don't like it!

Sound like fun?

Well the thousands of people who enrol in audio-engineering courses around Australia each year must think so. Despite the high cost of such courses, many schools have long waiting lists of budding Trevor Horns hoping for a ticket into the apparently glamorous and lucrative behind-the-scenes music industry world.

TICKET

If you're after a job as a studio engineer, the courses offer helpful information, but they by no means offer an instant ticket into the field.

Many of the best known engineers and producers have never had any formal training in the field, but have found their way into the biz via other means. UK producer, David Courtney (who's now based in Sydney) started out as a drummer in bands and later tried his hand at concert promotion. That was until he stumbled across a singer called Gerry Sayer and approached him with a view to writing songs together. The partnership worked. Gerry changed his name to Leo and Courtney ended up co-producing Sayers first three albums.

Other studio engineers have started out live mixing for their mate's band and slowly picked up the principles, often by watching and talking to the mixer of the headline act. Some have learned the art through four-track home recording.

The most commonly accepted passage into a good studio however is through serving an unofficial "apprenticeship" as a tape operator or assistant engineer.

As with any apprenticeship, Tape Operators *(or "Tape-ops")* and/or Assistant Engineers (A.E.s) are basically involved in helping out with mundane — but necessary — tasks around the studio. They often make far less money than the main producer/engineer, are required to prepare tea and coffee for other staff and artists, fetch lunch, do the cleaning and bear the brunt if a master tape gets wrecked.

A lot of today's top engineers and producers started out as Tape-ops, A.E.s or some other form of studio shitkicker, because despite the fact that many studios are high-tech, big-buck business ventures, there are no formal entrance requirements for the gig. Even those who have completed expensive studio courses may still be required to serve the "apprenticeship", although prior teaching or experience can help your confidence and move things along a little more quickly.

CONDITIONS

One of the most important prerequisites is a level of enthusiasm which transcends what can be quite abysmal conditions. At the same time, you can't expect to be the next Steve Lillywhite within a month, because you'll become frustrated when you're still sweeping butts off the studio floor after *three* months.

You should do everything you can to help out around the place and at the same time stay alert and *observe* what's going down around you. It's not a great idea to talk too much, because this may break the concentration of the main engineer or producer and you should definitely keep your opinions about the mix to yourself, until it's YOU behind the desk. An engineer has enough things on his mind, without having to worry about a green kid who is intent on interrupting proceedings with irrelevent natter . . . be diplomatic and choose the right times to ask questions or develop friendships.

Late nights and *very* long sessions make living near the studio a good idea.

If you have any special skills (and we're not talking about being able to clock the studio Space Invaders machine) you may have an advantage in the job stakes. Even if you play an instrument, studied music at school or worked on a school radio station, it's an asset which could give you the edge over other applicants. Make sure the studio knows about these things when you apply for a job, because it will give them some idea of your interest, enthusiasm and experience.

REALISTIC

Big studios have lots of applications for jobs all the time, so it's important to be realistic.

A lesser known studio may be a more practical choice, providing you with the opportunity to see how the recording process works and teaching you the principals. You'll probably be able to work your way up more quickly in a smaller studio as well. Even helping out a friend in an eight-track gives you *something* for your resume.

Before approaching studios, do some research. Check through the back of *Juke* or other music publications (the *Sonics yearbook* provides a comprehensive list of studios) and construct a list of places you'd like to approach. Aim for a studio that seems to cater for the type of music you're interested in, but at the same time, prepare to be flexible. Even the best engineers sometimes record music they don't like and if a studio records a wide variety of different types of music, you're likely to learn a wider range of skills and techniques.

When your list is finished, approach the studios in the same way you would any other employer. Find out the name of the Personel Manager or Studio Manager (ring up if necessary) and address your application to them.

Include a thoughtful resume, listing your work experience, schools results and personal achievements, contact phone numbers (day and evening) etc, accompanied by a succinct covering letter and a stamped, self addressed envelope.

Get a friend to check the letter for spelling, grammar and impact, bearing in mind that it's best to sound confident, but not too cocky.

Make sure you enclose anything else that may help, like a demo tape you've recorded, with a note clearly explaining what it is.

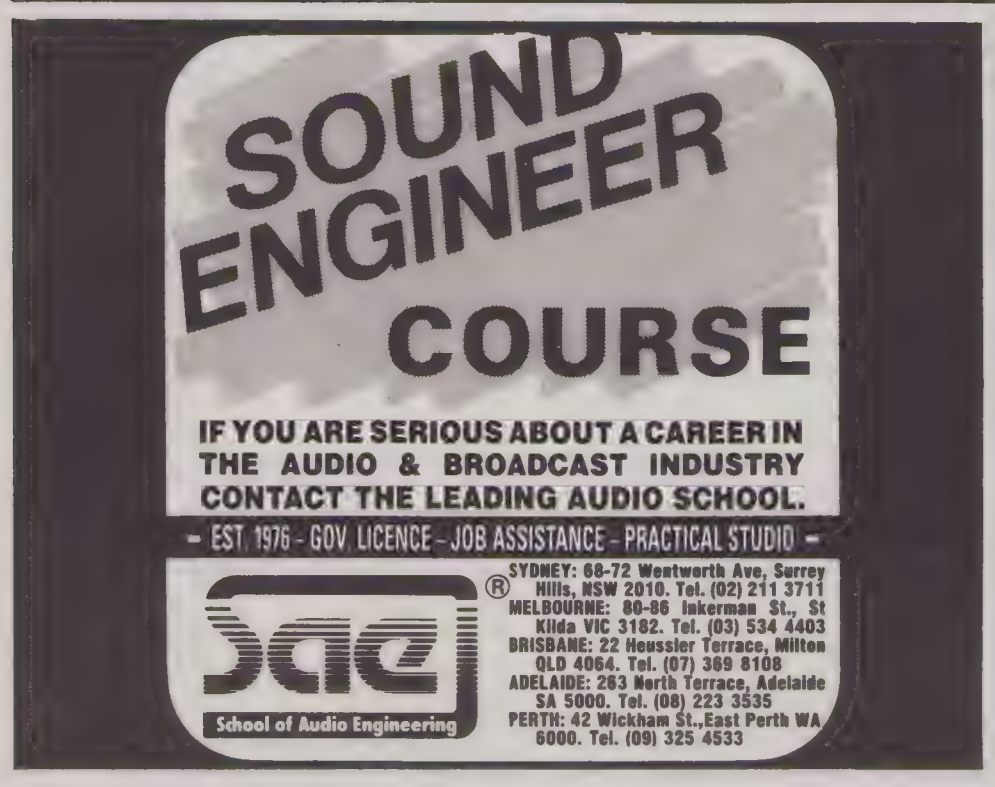
Make sure you only send *copies* of any tapes or documents, because you'll probably go on file for future reference if a position isn't immediately available.

It's a good idea to call the studio to make sure they received the application and to introduce yourself. Stay in touch and let them know when you've done something relevent, like having done a course or recording project.

Be tactfully persistent . . . in the nicest possible way, again, without occupying too much time or becoming a nuisance. Then if a position pops up, your name will probably come to mind as someone to contact for the job.

Good luck!

More Bandwagon page 28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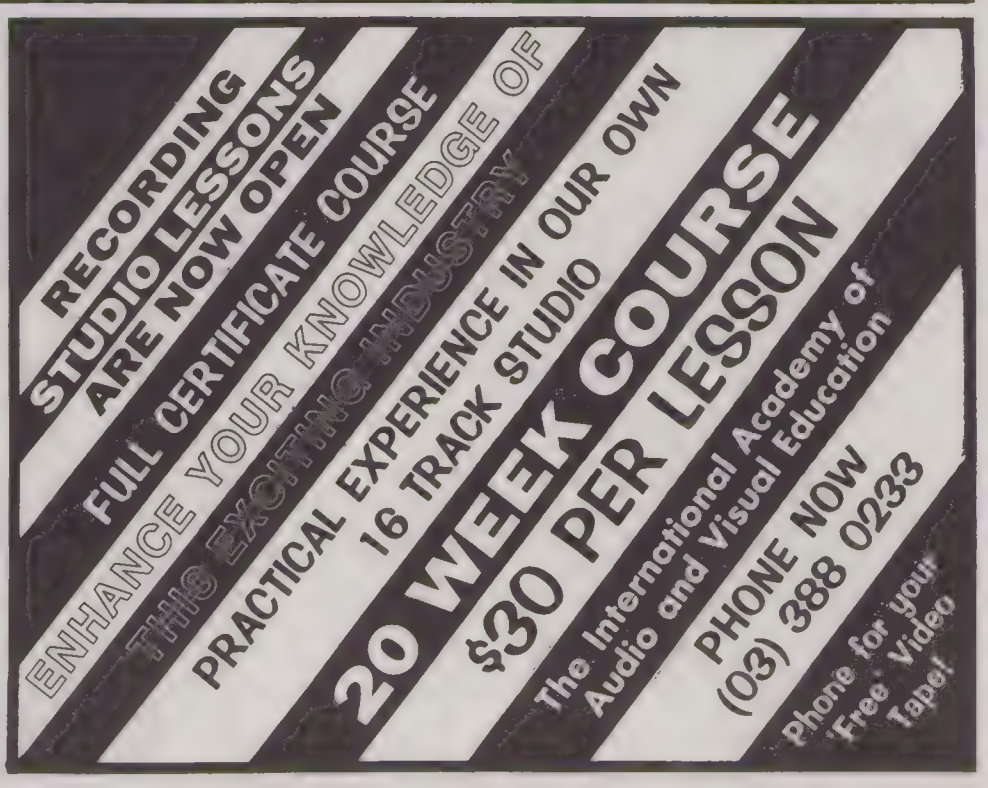
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LIME SPIDERS STOKER

Live ON STAGE

Venue: Hills Inn Hotel, Sydney

The Lime Spiders, yeah, the band that rattles your loose fillings and conducts a meticulous search and aggravated raid on any toothache. The band that could restore the royal bloodlines Iggy showed with James Williamson and the Asheton brothers.

Tonight, with grim determination, the Spiders single mindedly carve an expressway through several hundred skulls with a bloodlust I've never before seen in the band, even after dozens of viewings over the years.

The night is also a baptism by fire and tilted Marshall amp for new axeman, Michael Courvet, an original member of the Celibate Rifles. The boy did his leather jacket proud on less than a fortnight's rehearsal.

• Lime Spiders pic by Matthew Deller

Foky Erickson, Gerry Roslie of The Sonics and Lobby Lloyd must have done the sound: the stage area is totally ringed in amps and foldback boxes and must have been a mite rough on the luggers, but in the body of the room before a skyscrapping PA, it was World War 5. You know a rock n' roll band means business when they can make your shirt vibrate, being meek and merciful means damnation.

The intro tape heralded the absolute totality that was to come; a series of thunderous thumps that would not sound out of place coming from the grinding brutality of early Swans' records. But the tape dragged a bit much for Mick Blood, "Ok turn that off" he snapped as Richard Lawson, using his entire body, not just his wrists, rolled into "Beyond the Fringe".

It was roughly eight songs into the set before Blood peeled off his leather jacket and threw it side stage.

Blood's voice is a seething primal howl that is accentuated by the meanest guitar pyromania imaginable, courtesy of the ever stage pacing Gerard Corben and Michael Couvret.

During this show, better yet, offensive, older material such as "Slave Girl", the Haunted's "1-2-5" and the beserk guitar constitution of "Out of Control" stood shoulder to shoulder with a large dose from the new LP, *Volitile.*

More recent classics included "Weirdo Libido" and "My Favourite Room" which featured a totally unhinged wah solo from Gerard in its closing bars. Barnburners like "Ignormy' and "Rock Star" were also out in force.

The material from *Volitile,* although receiving an indifferent response from punters, had the diversity, character and tonight, the sheer sonic weight to match (and at times stretch the perimeters in which) *The Cave Comes Alive* LP operated. As a result, "The Odyssey", "A Lot To Answer For" and "Other Side Of You", an older piece, offered much more above and beyond their wattage. This is not to say of course that the Spiders' sixties granite hard rock throne is in any way in jeopody. On tonight's evidence, surrounded by bleeding ears, the notion is laughable particularly in the path of such new and wonderfully hungry malevalence as "Can't Hear You Any More" (surely the *Volitile* LP's "Ignormy"), "My Main Attraction" and "The Captor and the Captive One". But the unquestionable killer of the night was, and will be, the new single, "Volitile": three minutes of pure sheet metal swagger that will probably become as signatory for the Spiders as "Slave Girl". It is worthwhile keeping an ear out for "Too Close To The Sun" in the Spiders' set, it didn't make it onto *Volitile,* though a case could certainly could have been mounted for its inclusion.

The top heavy hierarchy of Australian rock n' roll desperately needs the Lime Spiders' brand of gut level danger and threats to hearing function. Playing without the relative comfort of a net below them, the Lime Spiders are still Sydney's gangbusters.

My heart went out to Stoker. Poor sound, at times lack of vocals through the PA and working with a singer from the respected ranks of Shy Thunder on several days' rehearsal one of which had been the launch for their LP, *Not So Innocent* the previous evening. Their collective musicianship was reasonably up to scratch, but their material generally and more particularly their choice of covers needs a massive overhaul. Spare me done-to-death covers of AC/DC's "Live Wire" and Z.Z.'s "Tush". My God, are these the only decent songs two of the world's best rock bands have? Some research please and more imagination in the originals.

— MURRAY ENGLEHEART

MILES DAVIS

Venue: Melbourne Concert Hall

The announcement that the concert would be delayed 20 minutes sent the already tense crowd back to the bar in a rush. After all, the excitement in the foyer was almost palpable and charged, as if Miles was already playing, and maybe he was!

There were no further delays! Miles Davis stepped out on stage, he played a note . . . a short phrase, his presence and distinctive sound had the touch of magic bringing the house to its feet. The magic continued throughout the night. Miles satisfied expectations — expectations based on a 41 year career that continually stretched the boundaries of jazz and popular American music.

Back in the concert hall. Miles gives the cue and the band kicks off on a fast funky groove. Peppering the rhythmic pulse with sharp stoccato notes, both building the energy level and at the same time settling the band down to business. This is Miles: sharp, decisive, rapid fire — mixed with melodic runs, sensuous lines, teasing and challenging — ...g on someone else in the band to come out center stage and put their ideas on the line.

Soloists were Kenny Garrett on alto sax and flute and Foley on a five string electric bass, strung with guitar strings and fitted with a locking tremolo. Both played with the funk rock feel, venturing out only in their use of dynamic extremes. Garrett built his solos on effective riffs with occassional harmonic embellishments. Foley was more melodic and adventurous, especially in his use of the whammy bar.

Robert Irving III and Adam Holzman, although not featured heavily on solos were responsible for much of the texture and tantalizing details of the undercurrent to the music. At times, Miles like brass sounds seemed to be inherent in what Holzman was doing (sampled Miles perhaps?), and the vibrations of the dense bass sounds rocked the concert hall.

The drummer Ricky Wellman, percussionist Marilyn Mazur and bassist Benny Reitveld all had an opportunity to display their ability as musicians, but it was as a section that they excelled. The diciplines of taste and technique were easy to appreciate in the way they maintained the extremes of tempos and dynamics.

The program was an accessible one based on his more recent albums, noticably *Tutu* and *You're Und...* interest in redefining popular ballads, in th... Laupers 'Time after Time' goes back to th... exploration of funk, R & B and rock are by n... either. The music seemed to work on two le... the accessible components of riffs and rhythm... ed a subtext of sound which challenged the con... pop tunes and trite sentiment found in som... popular music. This was serious stuff. The dens... rents of texture and energy at times created ... confusion as the soloists reached further o... times, this same quality enhanced the dynamic... the ballads and gentler pieces.

Throughout the three hour performance, M... complete control, directing and conducting the... with subtle gestures. His musical conversation... other musicians created an informality that enab... respond in their own way to what was happening... pity though that the sound production was marre... nical problems. At one stage a technician wa... adjusting the mike on Miles trumpet!!

Still, it was a special night. To some the mus... have lived up to the legend; it would depend on yo... tion of this trumpet player and his contribution to ... most, to have heard and seen Miles live is inspiration enough.

— SANDRO DONATI

CRASHLAND

Venue: The Tote Club, Melbourne

Returning after two years away, I find the live scene in Melbourne much as I'd left it. Hoary old guitar jigglers, slick poppies, punk rock! nostalgia cabaret, and quasi down-home blues.

I'm slipping into a coma when all of a sudden . . . SEX! Hyper-ventilating, pelvis clutching, groaning, pounding, panting, very, very naughty sex is oozing off a stage and winding out my hormone levels. It's a noise that sounds rude and vulgar, and the guilty party is Crashland.

Pete Townshend's biggest cartwheeling power chord is hiding in a sample in Ash Wednesday's keyboard, and while the bass and drums combine to make my intestines do the hokey pokey, the chord keeps coming back to smash my head into total submission. it's more fun than laughing but there's more.

A girl with a microphone has gone 'ga ga'. Her name is Lyn Gordon and she sneers like Idol, she drops to her knees and she's Linda Blair in The Exorcist as an unearthly scream comes from somewhere deep down. She hiccups and snorts, squeals and grunts, nearly destroys the P.A. with octave shock. But within seconds, her face is transformed by a cherubic smile, and gosh, she could be Johnny Young's favourite little girl. I'm not sure she knows what she's about but she's holding the staccato blasts of metal mayhem together to make some weird music.

Crashland slow rockabilly down till it's a tormenting metallic grind. They chew up film musical tunes and spit them out as mangled wreckage. They get trash rock like "Cherry Bomb" and trash it more so it's really smelly and sleazy. They sound like Big Black, Led Zep and Nina Hagen fighting in hell. They write silly words to strange songs. They are interesting, and they're in your backyard.

— MICHAEL WITHEFORD

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Gig Guide

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The service is completely free of charge and is available to all bands and musicians wishing to advertise their gigs.

All Gig Guide information must be lodged with Juke by 11 a.m. on Thursday mornings, for the following week's gigs (Monday to Sunday).

Please note, that under NO circumstances will gig listings or alterations be taken after the close-off time.

Listings can be posted, or phoned to Debra Baines on (03) 605 4228. They can also be telexed on AA30331.

N.S.W.

ABBEY ROAD
20 Mittagong RSL, 21 Union Hotel, Gosford
ALMOST STRANDED
20 Sutherland Royal Hotel
APOCOLYPSE
21 Sutherland Royal Hotel
BELL JAR
17 Hilton Hotel
IAN BLAKENEY
16 Shanneys, Hurstville
BLIND MICE
20 Stallions, Parramatta
BOBBY SOX
20 Great Northern Hotel, 21 Commercial Tavern
BOOZE BROS
20 Rugby Leagues Country Club
BRAZEN BELLES
19 Stallions, Parramatta
BRINGIN HOME THE BACON
20 Collegians, Wollongong
CANDY HARLOTS
20 Kardomah Cafe
CHOIRBOYS
17 Lithgow Workers, 18 Riverina Aussie Rules F.C., 19 Yoogali Club, Griffith, 20 Bruce Stadium, Canberra, 21 Bankstown RSL, 22 Mudgee Theatre
CHOO CHOO SHUFFLE
19 Commercial Hotel
COCKROACHES
20 Sutherland Ent. Centre, 21 Orange Ex Servicemens
CUT LOOSE
20 Hills Inn
KIRK DAVIS
17 Shanneys, Hurstville
DIE LAUGHING
18 Roundhouse, 19 Sweethearts, 21 Sydney Cove Tavern
DIRTY DANCERS
20 Hilton Hotel
EARTHLINGS
21 Vauxhall Inn
EGO
20 Parramatta Leagues Club
ENORMOUS HORNS
18 Feathers, 20 General Bourke Hotel, 21 Avalon RSL
THE EVERY BROTHERS
16 Kardomah Cafe, 17 Canberra TAFE (lunch), 18 Bruce TAFE (lunch), Canberra CAE (night)
FALLING BODIES
19 Lansdowne Hotel
FECHEZ VOUS
20 Hills Inn
TONY FIELD & FLAME
21 Balmain Leagues Club
F.O.O.D.
20 Hopetoun Hotel
FUN IN ACAPULCO
20 Roundabout, Hurstville, 21 Great Northern Hotel
GENERATION
18 Hilton Hotel
GOLD ZEPPLIN
20 Three Swallows
HAPPY HATE ME NOTS
19 Sydney Cove Tavern, 20 The Venue, 21 Caringbah Inn
HOT BLOODED
20 Hills Inn
IN TRANSIT
20 Penrith Leagues Club
J.J. LIMBO
18 Roundabout, Hurstville
JUMP BACK JACK
18 Carmens, 19 Kardomah Face, 20 Collegians Football Club, 21 Harbourside Brasserie, 22 Lucys Tavern
JUST FOR LAUGHS
21 Penrith Leagues Club
WARREN KERMOND
17 Balmain Leagues Club
ED KUEPPER & THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
20 Sydney Cove Tavern, 21 The Venue
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18 Marlin Hotel, 19 Rose & Crown, Canberra, 20 Carlton Hotel, Goulburn, 21 Griffith Hotel
LIME SPIDERS
19 Sydney Cove Tavern
LOOSE TALK
17 Stallions, Parramatta

DAMIEN LOVELOCK WITH WIGWORLD
19 Harold Park Hotel, 20 Sydney Cove Tavern
MASSIVE APENDAGE
19 St. James Tavern

BOB McKINNON BAND
17 Balmain Leagues Club
METHODS OF DANCE
21 Stallions, Parramatta
THE MOFFS
19 Sutherland Royal Hotel, 21 Selinas
THE MOTHERS
21 Harold Park Hotel
DES O'CONNOR & VANESSA VENNING
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 Twin Towns Services Club
PERPETRATORS
20 Sutherland Royal Hotel
PORCELAIN BUS
20 Selinas

THE PRANKSTERS
16 Kardomah Cafe, 21 Selinas
THE RADIATORS
18 Roundhouse, 19 Sweethearts, 20 Bruce Stadium, Canberra, 21 Shellharbour Workers, 22 Parramatta Leagues

ROARING JACK
19 Sandringham Hotel, Newtown
SEA LOVE DANCE
20 Lithgow Workers Club
SHAME ON YOU
20 Penrith Leagues Club
SHRINKING VIOLETS
16 Evil Star Hotel, 20 Selinas
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19 Hilton Hotel
SKOLARS
21 Lansdowne Hotel
GEORGE SMILOVICI
18 Delhis
SPACE JUNIORS
19 St. James Tavern
SPLIFFS
18 Uni of New England, 21 Annandale Hotel, 22 Parramatta Leagues
STARLET
21 Hills Inn
STOKER
21 Hills Inn
STOP THE CAMERA
21 Hilton Hotel
STORMY MONDAY
22 Bateau Bay Hotel
THE SUBVERTS
20 Sutherland Royal Hotel
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21 Hip Hop Club, 22 Lansdowne Hotel
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19 Shanneys, Hurstville
THRUST
19 St. James Tavern
TNT
18 Jungle Room, Fairfield, 20 Vauxhall Inn, 21 Mollymook Golf Club
TORRID ZONE
18 Stallions, Parramatta
TRASH POTATOES
19 Sutherland Royal Hotel
THE TRILOBITES
19 Tivoli, 20 The Venue, 21 Caringbah Inn
VENETIANS
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20, 21 The Venue
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17, 20 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 19 Riviera Hotel, Seaford, 21 Palace Hotel, Camberwell
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19 Eltham Hotel, Eltham, 20 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 21 Coach & Horses Hotel, Ringwood
THE BRATS
20 Moreland Hotel
IAN BROADBENT
19 The Regent Hotel, City
SCOTT BUCHANAN
16 The Regent Hotel, City, 20 Bush Inn Hotel
BUDDY LOVE TRIO
16 Corner Hotel, Richmond
BUZZZARD FUNGUS
17 R.M.I.T. (lunch)
THE CADILLACS
18 The Met, Nth Melb
THE CALL BOYS
19 Sandbelt Hotel, Moorabbin, 20 Bayswater Hotel, Bayswater
NELSON CAMILLE
20 O Club, Kew, 21 Bayswater Hotel
JOE CAMILLERI & THE BLACK SORROWS
18 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 19 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 20 Bridge Hotel, Mordialloc, 21 Music Station
SCOTT CARNE
21 Leongatha Town Hall
MARY JANE CARPENTER
20, 21 Ferntree Gully Hotel
GREG CHAMPION
20 Village Bell Hotel, St. Kilda
CHICK PARIS QUINTET
18 Stockade Hotel, Carlton
CLUB CHAOS
19 Brewsters, Essendon
COBBERS
21 LaTrobe Uni
CRASHMATTS
19 Royal Derby Hotel, 20 Bouzy Rouge Cafe, 21 Wayside Inn, Port Melb
CREDABILLIES
18 Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, St. Kilda
CUBANS
21 Moreland Hotel
PETER CUPPLES
19 21st Century Dance Club
DEAD LEGENDS
19 Skinny Dog, Kew
THE DEAD LIVERS
19 Skinny Dog, Kew
BOBBY DEE
21 Rangers Hotel, Gembrook

DEJA VU
20 Railway Hotel, Sunbury
DESTITUDE
20 Victoria Hotel, Brunswick
DEUCE
21 Hydehurst Hotel, Windsor
PAUL DICKEY
17 Ferntree Gully Hotel
THE DIRTY RATS
20 Ferntree Gully Hotel
DOUBLE TROUBLE
18, 20 Greensborough Hotel, 19 Club Hotel, East Ringwood, 20 Roxy Hotel, Sth Melb, 21 Dorset Gardens Hotel, Croydon
DRUNK & DISORDERLY
21 Central Station Hotel, Brighton
FRANK DYER
19, 20 Bells Hotel, Sth Melb
DYNAMIC DUO
20 Sandown Park Hotel, Noble Park
JAMES EATON
21 Falcons Nest, North Melbourne
THE EGYPTIONS
20 Hydehurst Hotel, Windsor
11:59
19 The Tote, Collingwood
ENNISBRAE
21 Elsternwick Hotel
EQUINOX
20 Bell St. Rock
EUROGLIDERS
17 Bendigo C.A.E., 18 Wool Exchange, Geelong, 20 The Palace, St. Kilda, 21 Village Green Hotel, 22 21st Century Dance Club, Frankston
EXTREMES
21 Esplanade Hotel, St. Kilda
EVERY MAN & HIS DOG
21 Union Hotel, Windsor
FELINE TOUCH
19 Q Club, Kew
MARTY FIELDS
16, 18 The Regent Hotel, City, 19, 21 Bush Inn Hotel, 20 Beaconsfield Hotel
FLYING ZUCCINI BROS
19 Bayswater Hotel, 20 Candy Tavern Hotel, Brunswick, 21 St. Albans Hotel
FOXY
19 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
FRONTRUNNERS
20 Sylvania Hotel, Campbellfield
GERRY JAMES & THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY
16 Albion Hotel, 18 Richmond Club Hotel, 19 Edinburgh Castle, Brunswick, 20 Swan Hotel, Richmond, 22 Riverside Inn
GET OFF THE CAT
18 Zanies, City, 19 Cramers, Preston, 20 New Boundary Hotel, East Melbourne, 21 The Palace, St. Kilda
GIMIX
19 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 20 Nicabellas, 21 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport
GRAND SLAM
17 Bendigo C.A.E.
THE GRAND WAZOO
18 21st Century Dance Club, Frankston, 20 Smith St. Bar & Bistro, 21 Flower Hotel, Port Melb
DAVE GRAY
20 The Regent Hotel, City
GARU & THE OFFSHOOTS
18 Armadale Hotel, 20 Empress Of India Hotel, Fitzroy
CHERYL HANN
20 Baywater Hotel
COLIN HAY ACOUSTIC
19 Madigans, Brunswick
COLIN HAY BAND
18 I.D.'s, Prahran, 20 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 21 Forresters Arms Hotel, Oakleigh
JON HOLLAND
17, 21 The Regent Hotel, City, 18, 19 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 20, 21 Zacs Restaurant, 22 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
BRENDA HORIN
18, 19, 20, 21 The Regent Hotel, City
ANDREW HOSKING
19 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 20 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
ROD HULLS
16 Ferntree Gully Hotel
THE IMPOSSIBLES
21 Mordialloc Hotel, 22 Greensborough Hotel
INDIAN SUMMER
19 Lazar Melbourne
JOHN & MARY KOPKE
18 Commercial Hotel, Sth Morang
JOHNNY FAVOURITE
18, 19 The Ritz

JOKERS WILD
19 Argo Inn, Sth Yarra, 21 Rye Hotel, Rye
ADRIAN KEOGH
19 Dorset Gardens Hotel, Croydon, 20, 21 Dingley Hotel, Dingley
KICK THE MOON
20 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 21 Village Green Hotel
LADY IN A JAM
18 Bayswater Hotel, 19 Hydehurst Hotel, Windsor, 20 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster, 22 Club Hotel, East Ringwood
TONY LEONARD
21 Red Bluff Hotel, Sandringham
LION
21 Survival Reggae Club, Sydenham Hotel
LIVING PROOF
19 Fountain Gate Hotel
LONELY BOYS
18 Edwards Tavern, 19 Nicabellas, Malvern, 20 Intrepid Fox, Sth Melb, 21 Riverside Inn
PETE MARWICK
21 Eltham Hotel
MAYBE AN OMEN
20 Cricketers Arms, Richmond, 21 Langwarren Hotel
IAN McLEAN
20 Red Bluff Hotel, Sandringham
MEN WITHOUT SHAME
19 Wool Exchange, Geelong, 20 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 21 Mentone Hotel, 22 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong
MERCURY'S
22 Corner Hotel, Richmond
MINOR WHITE
19 Post Office Hotel, Coburg, 22 Riverside Inn (arvo)
MARGARET MORRISON QUARTET
17 The Regent Hotel, City
M.P. DUO
21 Grand Hotel, Healesville
MUNSTER TERRACE
18 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster, 19 Dominoes, Narrewarren, 20 Baxter Tavern, 21 Somerville Hotel
THE NAZZ
21 The Underground, City
NEO CLASSIQUE
21 Royal Mail Hotel, West Melb
NEW FRONTIER (SPANIARDS)
21 Continental Hotel, Sorrento, 20 The Palace
ROSS NICHOL
21 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
THE NUBILES
21 Barwon Club Hotel
NU FX
19 Royal Hotel, Portland, 20 Epping Hotel, 21 Moreland Hotel
THE OFFICE
13 The Underground
ONE TO ONE
20 St. Albans Hotel
ON THE ROCKS
21 Ferntree Gully Hotel
OSCAR LIKES IT
16 Zanies, City
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
20, 21 The Venue
PAL DOG FOOD
19 Central Club Hotel
PARADE
19 Corner Hotel, Richmond
MAE PARKER & THE HEARTBEAT
20 Arnolds, Chadstone, 21 The Mansion, St. Kilda, 22 Edwards Tavern, Prahran
BRENT PARLANE
16 Royal Derby Hotel, Tizroy, 21 Riverside Inn, Richmond (late)
BRENT PARLANE BAND
19 Harp Hotel, Kew, 20 Golden Gate Hotel, Sth Melb
PARTY ANIMALS
16, 22 Corner Hotel, Richmond
LISETTE PAYET
17, 18 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
PRESS THE FLESH
16 Riverside Inn, 18 Central Club, 21 Corner Hotel, Richmond
PRIVATE IDAHO
19 The Underground, City
PURITANS
17 Limbo Club, Central Club
RAIDER OF THE LOST ARK
18 Q Club, Kew
RAMPAGE
20 Bell St. Rock
R.D.O.
21 Wyung Hotel, Bairnsdale

THE REAL McCOYS
20 Barwon Club Hotel, 21 Q Club, Kew
REAL TIME
19 Coach & Horses Hotel, Ringwood, 20 Knox Club, Wantirna

The Juke national gig guide is Australia's most comprehensive weekly look at who's playing where — right across the country.

The service is completely free of charge and is available to all bands and musicians wishing to advertise their gigs.

All Gig Guide information must be lodged with Juke by 11 a.m. on Thursday mornings, for the following week's gigs (Monday to Sunday).

Please note, that under NO circumstances will gig listings or alterations be taken after the close-off time.

Listings can be posted, or phoned to Debra Baines on (03) 605 4228. They can also be telexed on AA30331.

Gig Guide

REAL TO REEL
18 Corner Hotel, Richmond
RECOMMENDED DOSE
21 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
THE REMNANTS
17 Sydenham Hotel, 20 Werribee Hotel
TIM ROBINSON
20 Belmont Hotel, Belmont, 21 Commercial Hotel, Mornington, 22 Somerville Hotel
ROCKET 88
20 Skinny Dog, Kew
ROCK STEADY
19 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport
ROD SQUAD
18 Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, St. Kilda
ROUTE 66
16 Intrepid Fox, Sth Melb, 18 Trickles Tavern
ROXXON
21 Dingley Powerhouse, Dingley
RUNNING BEARS
20 The Met, Nth Melb
THE SAINTS
18 Warrnambool Inst. of Advanced Education, 19 Foresters Arms, 20, 21 the Venue, 22 Ocean Grove Hotel
SCARY BILL
19 Great Britain Hotel
SCAT
21 Bensons Tavern, Richmond
SCRATCH BAND
20 Panton Hill Hotel
NEIL SEBASTIAN
20, 21 Bensons Tavern, Richmond
SENSATIONAL ROCKET 88'S
20 Greyhound Hotel, Kew, 21 Club Chevron, 22 Barwon Heads Hotel
SEPARATE TABLES
21 Corner Hotel, Richmond
THE SHARKS
19 Mentone Hotel
SHEKOTO
21 Moreland Hotel
SNAKES & LADDERS
19 Greensborough Hotel, 20 Coach & Horses Hotel, Ringwood
SONS OF FRED
18 Corner Hotel, Richmond
SOPHISTICATED BOOM BOOM
20 The Underground, City
SOUDAN
21 The Met, Nth Melb
STOP THE CAMERA
20 Cannonball Express
SUNSET STRIP
20, 21 The Venue
SWING CITY
21 Victorian Arts Centre
TEACHERS PETS
18 Central Hotel, Brighton, 20 Post Office Hotel, Coburg, 21 Astradome, Traralgon, 22 Sundowner Hotel, Geelong
TEMPLE OF DOOM
19 The Met, Nth Melb
THRESHOLD
20 Royal Hotel, Benalla
TIGRESS
20 Lindhurst Club, Brunswick, 21 Waltzing Matilda Hotel, Springvale, 22 Pier Hotel, Port Melb
TIMES TWO
21 Roxy Hotel, Sth Melbourne
TOM & JERRY
21 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
TOO DARN HOT
21 Khyatts Hotel, Brighton
THE TRIMMERS
17 Intrepid Fox, Sth Melb, 19 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport, 21 Nicabellas, 22 Tankerville Arms Hotel
TWO TIMERS
22 The Regent Hotel, City
TYRN AROUND
19 Limbo Club, Central Club
UNTITLED RED
19 Central Club Hotel
VACATION IN HARLEM
18 Warrnambool Inst. of Advanced Education, 21 Skinny Dog, Kew
VENICE BEACH
22 The Underground, City
VIRGIN SOLDIERS
21 Ringwood Technical Hall
VORTEX
20 Moreland Hotel, 21 Brickmakers Arms, Essendon

ANDREW WILLIAMS
18 Station Tavern, Prahran, 20 Homebush Hotel, Nth Melb, 22 Tigers Head Hotel, Nth Melb
WINTER SOLSTICE
19 Corner Hotel, Richmond
BRIAN WOOD
19 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 20 Eltham Hotel, Eltham
WORLDS AWAY
16 Tankerville Arms Hotel
YOGI GOES BEAR
20 Q Club, Kew
ZZAZZ
18 Great Western Hotel, Geelong, 19 Trakkers, Sth Yarra, 20 Rock Junction, Newport, 21 Carrum RSL

Sth. Aust.

ALL FIRED UP
19 Grenfell Tavern, 21 Oasis, Murray Bridge
A WILD AFFAIR
20 Limbos
BIRDMAN PARADOXYL
22 Century Hotel
BLACK PEARL
17 Grenfell Tavern, 20 Reepham Hotel, 21 Elizabeth Downs Hotel
BONNIN & LYONS
17 Lennies Tavern
BRENTON & POLLY
19 Bridgeway Hotel, 20 Colonnades Tavern
CHRYSALIDS
20 Century Hotel
CLIFF & THE HANGOVERS
20, 21 Duke Of York
DA LINGO
19 Century Hotel
DESOTOS
18 Limbos
GENE DE WILDE & CORALIE JOY
21 Adelaide Festival Centre
FABULOUS CASUAL T'S
18 Griffins Head Tavern
BRENDAN FITZGERALD
19 Adelaide Festival Centre
GET SMART BAND
19 Griffins Head Tavern
HAND ME DOWNS
18 Century Hotel
HARD ROAD
19 Colonnades Tavern
GREG HART
18 Hackney Road
RON HASHIM
19 Hackney Hotel
HEAVY METAL AAM
19 Century Hotel
HURRICANES
21 Bridgeway Hotel
JJ HAMMER
20 Elizabeth Downs Hotel
JOE FISH & THE CHIPS
18 Lennies Tavern
THE JOHNSONS
17 Century Hotel
KATS KURIO
21 Royal Admiral Hotel
KENT
17 Century Hotel
LADIES NIGHT
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 Adelaide Festival Centre
LENNIES PARTY BAND
20 Lennies Tavern
JEFF MARTYN & JOHN LYONS
20 Hackney Hotel
MORNING GLORY
20 Adelaide Festival Centre
MUTANT LOVE YABBIES
18 Grenfell Tavern, 21 Hotel Victor, Victor Harbour
THE NAZZ
19 Lennies Tavern, 21 Brittania Hotel

NO PRESERVATIVES
22 Austral Hotel
NO RELEASE
21 La Cantina
NO RISK
20 Bridgeway Hotel
NUDS NIGHT OUT
19 Limbos
PEPERNOOT
18 Century Hotel
THE PODS
20 Century Hotel
THE QUILTZ
20 Adelaide Festival Centre
KATHY RENNER
20 Adelaide Festival Centre
RHYTHM SECTION
20, 21 Cargo Club
ROB & JOHNNO
16 Lennies Tavern
SUGG & VANCE QUARTET
19 Cargo Club
TEXAS BOYS CHOIR
17, 18, 19 Adelaide Festival Centre
URBAN LOVE SONGS
16, 21 Century Hotel
VERTICAL SMILE
18 Royal Admiral Hotel
VOODOO LUST
20, 21 New Century Hotel
WALDO WALLPAPER BAND
20 Century Hotel
SLIM WHITMAN
22 Adelaide Festival Centre
WHOLLY SMOKE
18 Maylands Hotel
PAT WILSON
17, 18 Adelaide Festival Centre
WIPE OUTS
21 Century Hotel

Queensland

THE AARDVARKS
19 Stardust Club, 21 The Roxy, 22 Generator
COPYCATZ
20 Riverview Hotel, Waterford, 21 Bicentennial Rock Concert, Nundah, 22 Sanctuary Cove
COLIN HAY BAND
17 Brisbane Expo
MERCENARIES
20 Powerhouse, Toowoomba
SUNNYBOYS
21 The Playroom, Palm Beach, 22 Powerhouse Hotel, Mooloolaba

West Aust.

JIMMY BARNES
17 Perth Entertainment Centre
DAVE DOBBYN
16 Herdsman Hotel, 17 Cloverdale Hotel, 18 Warwick Hotel, 19 Vegas Hotel
JOHNNY DIESEL & THE INJECTORS
17 Perth Entertainment Centre, 22 Pinocchios

INTERNATIONAL TOURS

THE BATS
May 20: Sydney Trade Union Club
May 21: North Bondi RSL Club, Sydney
May 22: Harold Park Hotel, Sydney

THE FUREYS & DAVEY ARTHUR
June 1: Vinegar Hill Woolshed, Rouse Hill
June 2: Canberra Labour Club
June 3: Dapto Leagues Club, Sydney
June 4: Parramatta Cultural Centre, Sydney
June 5: Melbourne Concert Hall
June 6: Battai Barn, East Maitland
June 7,8,9: Twin Towns Services Club, NSW
June 10: Rockhampton Pilbeam Theatre
June 11: Townsville Civic Centre
June 12: Kuranda Amphitheatre
June 13: Alice Springs Araluen Arts Centre
June 14: Darwin Performing Arts Centre
June 16: Hobart Tasman Hall
June 17: Launceston Princess Theatre
June 18: Ballarat Civic Hall, Vic
June 20: Warrnambool Performing Arts Centre, Vic
June 21: Shepparton Town Hall, Vic
June 22: Geelong Ford Theatre, Vic
June 23: Sydney Town Hall, NSW
June 24: Adelaide Opera Theatre
June 26: Perth Concert Hall

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN
May 31: Melbourne Concert Hall
June 1: Melbourne Concert Hall
June 2: Melbourne Conert Hall
June 4: Adelaide Convention Centre
June 5: Launceston International Velodrome
June 6: Canberra Bruce Stadium
June 7: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
June 9: Sydney Entertainment Centre

THE BAND
June 1: Seagulls, Gold Coast
June 2: Byron Bay Arts Factory
June 3: Festival Hall, Brisbane
June 5: Cairns, Kuranda Ampitheatre
June 8: Performing Arts Centre, Darwin
June 10: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
June 13: The Palais, Melbourne
June 15: Enmore Theatre, Sydney

CLANNAD
May 17: Adelaide Festival Theatre
May 19: Perth Concert Hall

LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO
May 19, 20: World Expo, Brisbane
May 21: Sydney Entertainment Centre
May 23: Dallas Brooks Hall, Melbourne
May 30: Canberra Theatre, Canberra
May 31: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
June 1: Festival Theatre, Perth

JOHN DENVER
May 29: Amppitheatre, Darwin
June 1: Festival Theatre, Adelaide
June 4: Bruce Indoor Stadium, Canberra
June 6: Expo Royal Command Performance, Brisbane
June 7: Entertainment Centre, Melbourne
June 11: Velodrome, Launceston
June 12: Entertainment Centre, Perth
June 14,15: Entertainment Centre, Sydney

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

There's no business like show business . . .

Chuck Berry once said that if he had his time over again, he would still become a musician. But first, he would do a business course.

He hit the nail on the head there. Rock 'n roll is a business; a big business.

And to succeed in the game you need more than creativity. You need guts, cunning, instinct, foresight and a large slice of wisdom to battle through the mire in your quest for fame and fortune.

So where do you start learning about the business? The best way is to pick the brains of the people who have already trekked the path.

Unfortunately,the battle-scarred musicians, managers and record industry people are generally so scared of finding themselves on the downward path that they are reluctant to give away secrets of the trade.

The next best move is to read a few books on the subject. If you visit a bookshop you'll find plenty to keep you busy.

Bandwagon found the following handy tomes that might give you the edge you need.

How The Music Business Works And How To Make It Work For You by Norena Ann Davies has the sort of title that captures your attention.

It's fairly well-written and even though the names and addresses of agencies, management companies etc are British, there are plenty of parellels with the Australian scene.

What makes the book worthwhile is Norena Ann Davies' scepticism. She is a freelance writer who really seems to know the ins and outs of the business.

She gives handy hints on a number of areas that other books don't even mention. For example, there's a great little section on industry doubletalk.

When the studio engineer says something like 'That was OK but let's do it again' he really means *'Oh God, I pushed the wrong button'*. It's funny but true.

This book doesn't guarantee success but it does illustrate the biggest pitfalls.

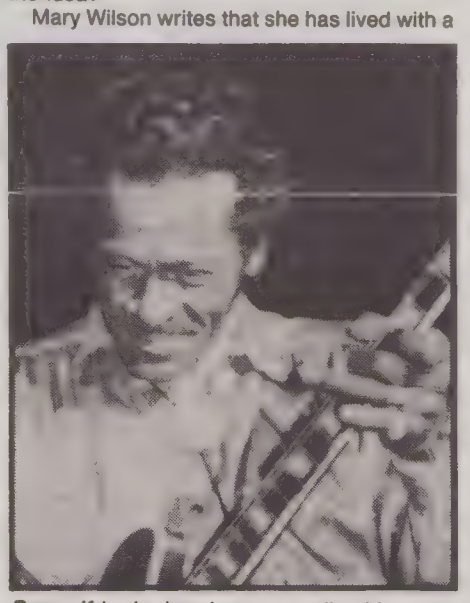
The publisher is Harvester Press and the price is around $17.95.

How To Make It In The Rock Business by another British journalist Mary Wilson is a better-written tome on much the same subject.

Wilson's chatty style of writing suits the message she is trying to ram into our heads. The book opens with a chapter titled The Dream. It's all about four young men who form a band, find a manager, get the big break and achieve stardom and great dollops of happiness.

Chapter Two tells what really happens in the rock world. It's titled The Dream Exploded. Get the idea?

Mary Wilson writes that she has lived with a



Berry: If he had a chance to relive his music career, he'd do a business course first.

failed record producer, a failed record company executive and a successful jingle company executive — all the same man.

That experience makes her qualified to write about choosing agents, publishers and management, how to act economically in the studio and how to make a video for mass consumption. There are even hints on how to get your mug in a paper like *Juke*.

It's published by Columbus Press for $15.95.

Along similar lines is *The Record Producer's Handbook (How To Make Your Own Record For $500)* by Don Gere.

Don is talking American dollars of course, but the principals are the same in any country where rock and pop is a money-making concern.

There's some useful information on how to find the right recording, printing and pressing companies for your independent opus and how to crack your market when the vinyl arrives.

The tips of planning before you enter the recording studio are particularly good.

This one is published by Acrobat Books for around $18.95.

Studio Recording For Musicians by Fred Miller is an easy-to-follow text but it is a little dry in parts.

It covers the basics of recording rock instruments, the joys of editing and tells you who does what in the process.

There's nothing on computer recording techniques unfortunately. Published by Amsio, it sells for around $24.95.

A COMPANY MAN

Johnny Chester wasn't too happy about the way his records were being handled by the major record companies.

So he recently decided to form his own company, called Homespun Records.

The man who has been singing professionally for nearly 30 years and who once played support to The Beatles during their Australian tour in '64, admits that he is taking a risk.

"It just got to the stage where I had to do something positive because the major record Companies I was with didn't suit me.

"I'm not bitter, and I know they have their own ways of doing things, but I just couldn't get my product co-ordinated on a national level.

"I'd get people coming up to me at concerts who couldn't even find my records in shops. In was crazy. I'd scream at the record company promotions guy but he'd have 50 other people screaming at him too."

Homespun Records has just released a Johnny Chester single in some states and so far the project has been successful.

"I was up in northern Queensland a couple of weeks ago and I found copies of my new single in every shop I went to. That's the first time that's happened."

Johnny says his frustration with the majors is shared by others.

He cited the case of a well-known singer-/songwriter with a stack of recent awards who had been dropped by his record company just after releasing an album.

"This bloke worked bloody hard to get the

Johnny Chester: back in control with his own label.

album up and then he's dropped. What the hell do you work for?

"I think there are a terrific lot of people out there who will be starting up their little independent labels.

"It's not a hard thing to do. You can get a live performance of your band recorded and then run off a few cassettes with a nice looking slick for a few dollars.

"The difficult thing is making it pay. But in specialised areas of music that don't have the mainstream appeal of pop, there's a crying need for independent releases."

WANTED
Dead or Alive
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DRUM TUITION
from Colin Spry Drum Clinic
(03) 857 5451
"Gives you the edge"
Day or evening sessions.
9am — 9pm Mon-Fri
Established 1967

GUITARIST
Simple and effective style required by Singer/Song writer with promoter
All midi sequenced songs.
Electro/pop, funk, rock.
Hard working people need only apply.
John (03) 531 3660
Elwood

WANTED
Talented keyboard player for young working, recording, original band
(03) 763 4[illegible]

[illegible]
Lots of [illegible] studio experience
Good [illegible] and transport
[illegible] 763 3[illegible]
Darrell (A/h)

WANTED
KEYBOARD PLAYER
for Concept Band.
Must be professional & willing to travel.
Vocals would be a plus.
For details ph Andrew on (075) 38 3868.

WANTED!
We are a working covers/original band with a tight, hard edged good time rock n' roll sound. We need a LEAD VOCALIST/FRONTMAN with a powerful, versatile voice and with a positive and professional attitude.
If you have got the goods, give us a call on (03) 725 5286 Pete or (03) 723 4537 Drew.

CAREER OPPORTUNITY
Are you a drummer or a bass player and can play your instrument?
Do you wish to play in an original broadly influenced band and gig regularly, record and go touring?
Well phone
(03) 534 4665 Andy.

PROFESSIONAL
Bass Player and Drummer looking for working reception or cocktail band.
Tony
(03) 288 0770
Michael
(03) 859 8360

CHASE
Geelong's leading commercial band now holding auditions for bass and keyboard players.
Pro attitude required.
Keyboard preferably with sequencer, must be prepared to travel
Your image, attitude and ability will determine our decision.
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3pm WEDNESDAYS.

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BASS PLAYER WANTED
For original rock band.
Must have equipment, transport, versatility, dedication, sense of humour.
Don't muck about.
John (03) 20 7997

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SONGWRITERS
One of Australia's leading songwriter/musicians is now available to coach you in all aspects of your craft.
For further information or appointment phone
(03) 598 1416

SINGER
Required for original band.
Must have prior recording experience and tape.
Main influences: INXS & Midnight Oil.
Professional attitude.
(03) 836 3371
(03) 598 7126

GUITARIST WANTED
Major opportunity for a rhythm/lead guitarist in an original mainstream band with single out.
3XY's August Band of Month.
Video, Radio, TV, Live Appearances.
A real opportunity for a major deal.
Professional approach and experience necessary.
Ph Euan (03) 376 9422 Kensington.

WANTED
KEYBOARD PLAYER & RHYTHM GUITARIST
with lead capabilities for serious project.
Angelo
(03) 699 2775
Steve
(03) 376 9422

ON PURPOSE
Require dedicated Male Vocalist and Bass Guitarist
Own equipment and transport.
Must be willing to put time and effort into rehearsals.
No time wasters.
(03) 314 7075 Reno or Mark (03) 359 3040

THE Last worD

Vinyl vs CD

The signs that the Album will soon be superseded by The Compact Disc should be causing more waves within the rock audiences than it seems to be.

Most of my friends tell me that no lament about the coming of CD is akin to shrieking about the way stereo slowly but ultimately replaced mono about twenty five years ago.

Let us not forget that the best and most heartfelt music to emerge came out of Australian independents, most of them struggling to exist but running on a fierce determination to keep bringing great music to the public rather than the pap that the multi-nationals keep churning out.

CDs are costlier to make. Will this put the indies out of business? Should we quietly look on while the large companies ride technology in?

Sue Bradley
Doubleview, SA

When music mattered . . .

One aspect of the so-called '70s revival these days is emergence once again of such bands as Doobie Brothers, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Iron Butterfly etc. Then there is of course the unprecedented attention on Cream and Led Zeppelin, who seem to have taken on a new life eight years after breaking up.

If you read between the lines, you'll find that the interest in these bands is actually a warning by the record buying public that they find the music business is too commercialised and computerised.

Groups such as Skynyrd, the Docbies and Cream did not need the commercialisation of the mass media to make it. They existed solely on their musical and innovative qualities. Such bands as were largely unknown to the public at large (because they didn't appear on celeb TV shows or do movies) but won their way into the rock public's hearts through their musical brilliance.

The effect they had on music's sound cannot be underestimated.

I appreciate that *Juke* and some of the other rock papers see as a role to highlight bands today that don't need "personality" to sell their talents. Generally I think *Juke* has a healthy attitude to such bands, and obviously you need a share of Top 40 bands to sell the magazine. That doesn't perturb me in the least. However, Doug Kesselring's review of Little River Band's first show in Perth was most annoying, to say the least.

Did he really expect Shorrock & Co to leap up and down like teenagers? Could he not see that the music alone was their message? I caught LRB at the opening of Expo, and like the thousands there, were entranced by the power of the music, the lovely playing. That in itself was enough to sell the music. I wouldn't be so annoyed with Kesselring's put-down, except I notice that he's into jazz, and only too happy to review jazz performances on the basis of the music rather than squeal about lack of personality.

Ian Shelley
Brisbane E, Qld

First hand

Congrats to *Juke* for being the first paper to give us information on The Church and INXS' American tours. We keep hearing that our bands are "doing well" but it's great to get first hand accounts.

I'm personally rapt that the world is opening up for The Church. I was beginning to lose hope of ever reading anything about one of Australia's best bands.

T. Billington
Glebe, NSW

Young Bailey

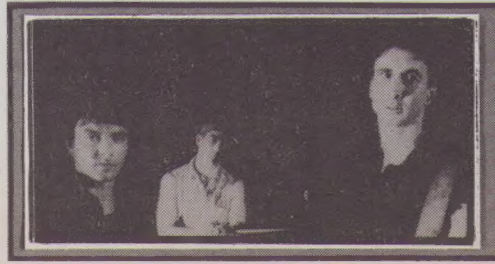
I enjoyed the Chris Bailey interview by Byron Smith immensely. I wish it had been longer. Nobody puts lyrics and melodies together with such intelligence and intuition in Australia as Bailey does.

In lots of ways, the interview put my mind at rest about Bailey. You always wonder if the pressure to succumb to audience expectations is ever on his mind, and it's nice to know that he's got his head screwed on, and he has every intention of being true to his art.

A. Freischmidt
East Lindfield, NSW

If only Chris Bailey were still willing to take a chance on writing a bad song. In terms of emotional impact, "Know Your Product", "Stranded", "Ghost Ships" etc are his best songs, not his worst in my opinion. His newly found standards concerning what he writes about are too restrictive.

Hugh Crowther
Kununurra, WA



Spy-ed on . . .

I am an ardent Spy v. Spy fan and I wrote to WEA Records to enquire when their next record would be out. I received a handwritten letter from Craig Bloxom. What a great gesture from such an under-estimated group.

Don Hedges
Baradine, NSW

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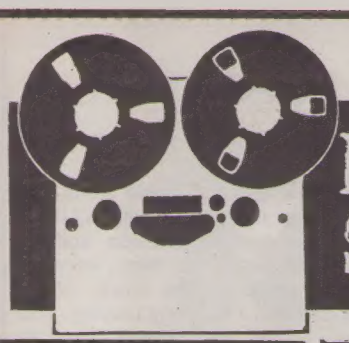

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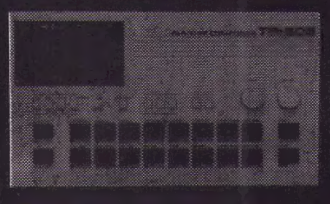

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